

# The American Girl

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AUGUST  
1937

S. WENDELL  
CAMPBELL

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE ~ MAISIE *Painted by ELLEN EMMETT RAND*



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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

AUGUST • 1937

## THE ISLAND OF MANY COLORS

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

With photographs by JOHN BRANSBY



THEY call Jamaica "the pearl of the West Indies," but, to my mind, it should be likened to a fire opal, not a cool, milk-white pearl. For it is an island of strong, barbaric tones; a land where the tapestry of history shows a succession of fantastic pictures. Some are gay, some are terrible; many of them glow with high courage and nobility. But all of them are tinged with color; strong as wine, lurid as a tropical sunset.

Even as the steamship approaches Jamaica, you will think of an opal. For the water is azure blue with stripes of peacock green and soft shadings of purple and mauve. The island ahead looms up at first like a gigantic tortoise; then, as the boat draws nearer, mountainous ridges are clearly seen, and the island becomes green—very green, that deep, lush color of the tropics that carries with it, even out to sea, a moist, intangible fragrance that sets the blood tingling and brings relaxation from taut, overstrung nerves.

One sees far-off houses, white against the vivid greenery, red-roofed. Now the silhouettes of tall, gangling coco palms, and the rich, ruby tracery of scarlet hibiscus flowers.

Ahead, in the wide, graciously curving harbor, is Kingston, the capital. But to reach it, the ship swings far out around a long, sandy spit of barren land.

There seems to be nothing remarkable about this sand-spit; there are coco palms, clusters of banana plants, some stone buildings and walls indicating a fort, a quadrangle of drab-looking barracks, and a shabby town of nondescript wooden houses. No hint of romance or glamour here—unless you know Jamaica's history.

But, if you do, you will lean over the railing, breathless, not wanting to lose an instant's sight of that low-lying strip of land that thrusts itself out into the blue waters of the Caribbean like a thin, brown sword.

For this is all that remains of Port Royal, the place that was once the greatest pirate rendezvous in all the West Indies. During the late sixteen hundreds, it was ruled over by Sir Henry Morgan, one of the greatest buccaneers of all time, the infamous sea wolf who, for his "services" to England, was knighted by King Charles the Second and appointed governor of Jamaica.

*About Jamaica—an island of glamour, romance, and fascination which Miss Squier recaptures in a vivid travel article*

If the sea is calm, you will gaze down eagerly into the blue, translucent water, hoping to catch a glimpse of sunken streets and buildings. For Port Royal, with all its wickedness, was almost completely destroyed by earthquake and tidal wave in 1696. Most of the edifices were submerged by the rising sea. The Negro fishermen solemnly maintain that, on days when there is no breath of wind stirring, you can peer down through a glass-bottomed bucket and see the tops of ancient church towers, with seaweed waving from their watery summits like pale green banners. Yes, they even declare that, on calm summer nights, one may hear the ringing of those sunken church bells!

MORE of Port Royal later. Let us go with the ship as it glides past the long sandy peninsula, and on into the busy harbor of Kingston. Color leaps at you, with an accompanying roar of sound. Passenger liners, freighters, schooners, and sailboats crowd against the white stone piers. Cargo of all kinds is being loaded and unloaded by machinery and human labor. Fruit boats are much in evidence. Black natives, with faces like polished ebony, go endlessly up and down the gangplanks, each with a great green "stem" of bananas atop his head. At another dock, Hindu coolies are unloading bales from the Orient. An American freighter is disgorging cars of a popular American make from its hold. As our own ship approaches, a seething line of black taxi men and coachmen is waiting for disembarking tourists like a pack of dark, hungry wolves.

The customs inspection is brief, courteous—made, of course, with a broad British accent, since this is one of England's colonies. The immaculate gentlemen in white suits and sun



THE FIRST SETTLERS CALLED JAMAICA THE "PLACE OF SPRINGS" FOR THEY FOUND WATER EVERYWHERE—CASCADING DOWN MOUNTAINS, WELLING UP FROM THE EARTH, FORMING POOLS AND FALLS AMID THE PALMS

EVERY POST OFFICE IN JAMAICA HAS A SIGN WHICH READS "QUININE SOLD HERE." BY MAKING QUININE CHEAP AND EASY TO BUY, THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS CUT DOWN THE ENORMOUS TOLL THAT MALARIA USED TO TAKE EACH YEAR. THE SIGN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS PARTLY OBSCURED BY THE SHOULDER OF THE GIRL ON THE STEPS



YES, WE HAVE LOTS OF BANANAS! FIVE HEADERS TRANSPORT THE HEAVY BANANA STEMS TO A WAGON LADEN WITH FRUIT AND DRAWN BY MULES OR BY BRAHMA CATTLE IMPORTED FROM INDIA

helmets seem to be concerned with only two things—have you brought any Cuban rum with you? Or honey? No? Well, then, pass on, and have a good time in Jamaica. The first of the queries I could understand; Jamaica manufactures its own rum, therefore naturally does not want any Cuban importations. But honey? Why should a tourist bring honey to Jamaica? And if he or she brought it, why should the customs men care? I never did find out the answer.

The day is hot, blazing with sunshine that is not gold, but platinum white. The streets of Kingston are wide, well-kept, and the traffic crossings are presided over by very black "bobbies" in white sun helmets and uniforms. There are plenty of white people, but you are conscious always of the prominence of the darker races—Hindus, Chinese, and Negroes. The latter speak a curious kind of jargon which, at first, sounds like a foreign language. It turns out to be English of a kind, but with such strange pronunciation that it takes time to get accustomed to it.

It is fun to shop in the great open-air market near the docks. Hundreds of turbaned Negro women squat behind piles of mangoes, pineapples, bananas, or perhaps gaudily colored baskets, chatting with each other in their uncouth dialect and hailing every prospective customer with broad smiles and ingratiating flattery.

"Look, de lady—oh, so beautiful!—she could havv a basket of mango fo' tuppence!"

If refused, they are likely to chant with wistful resignation, "De lady she say 'No!' De lady she say 'No!' "

Should you stay at the big tourist hotel, you will dine just as you would in the States, except that you will be served delicious tropical fruits for dessert. But if you seek out one of the smaller "family" hotels, you will be initiated into all sorts of typical Jamaican dishes—delicate lobster

cutlets served with a spicy sauce, crab and rice, and, of course, breadfruit, literally the staff of life for the black natives. It grows wild on big, thickly leaved trees and hangs in large, bumpy, green balls. It is almost tasteless, heavy with starch, but has the virtue of being nourishing—at no expense.

Then there is that curious freak of nature called "akee." Here is

a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde fruit. For, while it is green, akee is a deadly poison. But when it ripens and splits open of its own accord to show the black seeds within, then it is ready to make a dish fit for a king.

Codfish and akee is a favorite delicacy. The salt codfish is freshened and shredded, then mixed with boiled akee, which looks and tastes a bit like scrambled eggs to which almond flavoring has been added. Foreigners are sometimes afraid to try it, knowing the ominous reputation of the green fruit. But if you leave it to the natives to pick the akees, they never make a mistake.

Kingston, as a city, gives you no hint of the colorful, romantic history of Jamaica as a whole. The downtown streets are too hot for comfort, and in many portions of the town are unsightly ruins left from the devastating earthquake of 1907. The outskirts, however, are shady with great tropical trees, and vivid flowers run riot over fences and houses. There are famous botanical gardens and golf courses, and no visit is complete without at least one swim at the marvelous "Bournemouth Baths," a swimming pool that is the last word in luxury.

But it is when you begin to make excursions to outlying towns and plantations that you get the "feel" of the island. Its charm grows on you day by day. And the British residents, far from being cold, distant people as they are sometimes pictured, are delightfully hospitable and eager to make a visitor feel at home.

On every hand, something "different" meets the eye. The scenery is on such a magnificent scale that it seems as if



BRAHMA CATTLE, BROUGHT FROM INDIA, BROWSE ON THE RICH PASTURAGE AMONG THE COCO PALMS

Dame Nature had taken up her palette and spilled its whole consignment across the jungled slopes of mountains and valleys.

There are quaint little towns nestling in unexpected hollows. The houses are trim, well-kept, and each village has a post office where a large sign announces "Quinine Sold Here." This has been done by the British Government to aid in the fight against malaria. A package containing two doses is sold for an English penny, the equivalent of two cents.

Drive out to "Spanish Town," some thirteen miles from Kingston, and you will come upon a somnolent, sun-dozing city that seems to have forgotten the world and to be "by the world forgot." It is the first capital of Jamaica, founded by the Spaniards in 1523, with the imposing title of *La Ciudad de San Jago de la Vega*! Later, during the course of a century's warfare between Spain and England, the island of Jamaica fell into British hands, and the long, sonorous name of the capital city was more than Anglo-Saxon tongues could master. They simply called it "Spanish Town"—and so it has remained to this day.

There is no remaining trace of Spanish occupancy left there. Everything speaks of English ownership, even the

cool, thick-walled church, which was built in the fifteen hundreds and restored a century later. Going into it, you have a curious sensation. For you are literally walking over the graves of the dead. Every step you take, down the stone-flagged aisle, is upon carven slabs with names and epitaphs lettered and spelled in Old English style, and with dates going back four centuries.

Other memorial tablets are set into (Continued on page 40)



SIR HENRY MORGAN

LOWER LEFT: YOU MAY PICK A BREADFRUIT FROM YOUR CAR, IF YOU WISH, ON ALMOST ANY ROAD AT ALL IN JAMAICA. THESE, AND MANY OTHER TROPICAL FRUITS, GROW WILD ALL OVER THE ISLAND

LOWER RIGHT: A NEGRO BOY DISPLAYS THE DANGEROUS "AKEE" PLANT WITH POISONOUS AND NUTRITIOUS FRUIT GROWING ON THE SAME BRANCH—DEADLY POISON WHEN GREEN, BUT WHOLE-SOME AND DELICIOUS WHEN IT IS RIPE. THE THREE LOWER AKEES IN THE CLUSTER AT THE LEFT ARE GREEN; THE ONE ABOVE HAS BURST OPEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD TO SHOW THE BLACK SEEDS INSIDE, AND MAY BE COOKED AND EATEN WITHOUT ANY DANGER



THE SCENERY OF JAMAICA IS MOUNTAINOUS AND SPECTACULAR. THE ROADS WIND OVER HIGH RIDGES AND ACROSS DEEP CHASMS





SALLY'S SEAT COMMANDED THE DOOR. "UH-OH!" SHE MURMURED SUDDENLY AS A TALL YOUTH IN WOODSMAN'S CLOTHES CAME IN

# SLOW ON THE UPTAKE

*That is how Sally Burke judged Rufus Hackett when she was unexpectedly snubbed by him at a summer hotel where she was stopping with Sue and the Merriams*

By

MARY AVERY GLEN

THERE doesn't seem to be anybody here who's our age." From a centrally located table, Phyllis Merriam scrutinized the dining room of the Horseshoe Inn. Twisting her head to look over the shoulder of her new pink organdie, she appraised the guests behind her.

Aunt Marcia Merriam, opposite, looked about anxiously, too. With four attractive girls in her care, the prospect of a dull ten days at Horseshoe Lake was disturbing. Young married men in white flannels and dark coats were dutifully pulling out chairs and seating their frilly wives, but what Phyllis said was true—there were no young people. At a near-by table four old-timers, bronzed and portly, were discussing the day's fishing with sonorous bursts of laughter. They wore white slacks, and bandanna handkerchiefs were knotted around their throats. In the matter of dressing for dinner, the hotel management was lenient.

"Every table's filled now except that little one against the wall, the one with the reserved sign," Meg, the younger Merriam, reported.

"Oh, well, we should worry!" Sue Kingsley cut into her chicken with enthusiasm.

"At a hotel, people are coming and going all the time," Aunt Marcia consoled. "To-morrow there may be lots of young people."

Sally Burke's seat commanded the door. "Uh-oh!" she murmured suddenly. Three other pairs of eyes instantly sought the door through which a tall, broad-shouldered youth in woodsman's clothes had just entered the dining room. His khaki trousers were tucked into high-laced, elkhide boots, and he wore, with careless grace, a red-and-black plaid mackinaw, worn and resin-stained.

A haunting whiff of the forest came with this interesting newcomer, as he passed them, looking neither to left nor to right. He turned down the reserved sign Meg had mentioned, seated himself and, snapping on the electric candle, gave his order to the waitress.

"He's the handsomest thing I ever saw," Sally giggled. "Almost as handsome as Jock Bacon!"

Meg looked up with dancing eyes. "He smells like a balsam pillow," she said.

The woodsman slouched, unheeding, over his soup. There was an air of weariness about him. The chandelier picked out claret lights in the rough brown hair, which grew low on his forehead.

Elbows propped on the table, Sally interlaced her fingers airily. A heavy link bracelet drooped from one slender wrist. Her scarlet bolero was a dramatic spot of color over her white dress.



"Watch me make him look up!" She pinioned the young man with a level stare.

Aunt Marcia was annoyed. "Don't do that, Sally. He looks like a nice boy, and he'll think you're silly. He'll notice you're looking at him."

"That's what I want him to do," Sally answered.

Immediately she had her wish. The young man—who was hardly more than a boy, Phyl observed, for all his powerful frame—moved restively and, suddenly, his cool, keen eyes met Sally's fairly. For a moment he looked not at but through her, and then, with indifference, he returned to his dinner.

Sally was taken aback. "Why, the nahsty thing! Did you see the look he gave me? What'll you bet I get acquainted before dinner's over?" she added.

*Illustrated by*

ROBB

BEEBE



HIS KHAKI TROUSERS WERE TUCKED INTO LACED BOOTS AND HE WORE A RED-AND-BLACK PLAID MACKINAW WITH CARELESS GRACE. HE PASSED THEM WITHOUT A GLANCE AND TURNED DOWN THE RESERVED SIGN ON THE TABLE BY THE WALL.

"I wouldn't bet my new hat," Sue responded. "It's becoming—I'd like to keep it."

The dessert plates were empty now and the waitress distributed finger bowls. Presently Aunt Marcia rose and led the way out of the dining room.

Sally lingered, and the girls turned at the door to wait for her. They saw her make a *detour* to pass the boy's table. And, as she passed, something dropped with a sharp clink. Her bracelet—quite by accident—had slipped off her wrist and landed at the young lumberman's feet.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Sally stood, expectant, waiting for him to pick it up.

But the young man did not look up. As if oblivious of her presence, he attacked his salad with relish.

Red as her jacket with anger, Sally knelt and groped under the tablecloth for her bracelet. When she joined her friends at the door, she was sputtering with temper.

"Did you see that? What do you think of him, anyway? I know he saw me. I swear I'll get even with that fellow before I go away from this place!"

A half hour later she joined the other girls in the game room as they struggled with a jig saw puzzle. "I've found out all about him," she reported, dropping into a chair. "I looked him up on the register and asked the clerk. His name's Rufus Hackett. He's in college, but he's been working in one of the lumber camps up here all summer and living at the Inn. He comes from Philadelphia. Maybe that's the reason he's so slow on the uptake."

Next evening Miss Merriam and the four girls were finishing their dessert when Rufus Hackett turned down the reserved card on the little table. He took a book from his breast pocket and laid it beside his plate, open, eating his fruit cup absently, his eyes on the page. It was rather an elegant little book. Limp leather, with gold tooling.

"Maybe he's a woman-hater," Sue whispered.

"You girls would better let him alone," Aunt Marcia counselled. "Apparently he doesn't want to be sociable. And now I have a piece of news," she added, taking out a letter. "I've just heard from Mrs. Andrews. She and Jim and Sylvia are leaving Watch Hill and coming up here to Horseshoe. So now you'll have somebody to play with. They expect to arrive day after to-morrow and will stay as long as we do."

"Hooray!" Meg croaked, amid a chorus of approval. She had waked that morning with a sore throat.

Her aunt fastened her with an anxious regard. "You're awfully hoarse. How do you feel to-night, darling?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Meg assured her, but there was feverish color in her cheeks.

As before, Sally was the last of the girls out of the dining room. A moment later, she joined the other three on a big sofa in the lounge.

"Well, I gave him a dig," she said, perching on the wide

arm and drawing her pumps up to the cushioned sofa seat. The girls looked incredulous. "Bet you didn't!" It was Meg who spoke.

"I did!" Sally preened herself. "I said it with poetry. I made up a rhyme, and dropped it on his table as I went past. It'll show him what I think of him, all right! Rude thing! And coming in to dinner in those horrid old clothes!"

"What was it?" Phyl leaned forward.

"Let's see if I can say it." Sally looked up at the ceiling. "Oh, yes!"

*"There was once a young person named Hackett*

*"Who dined in a lumberman's jacket.*

*"The guests were all mad,*

*"For they thought it too bad,*

*"And they kicked up a terrible racket."*

THE girls looked at each other and giggled. "You'd better not tell Aunt Marcia," Sue Kingsley advised. "She'd think you were pretty fresh."

Next morning, at breakfast, their circle was broken by a vacant chair. Meg's cold had grown worse in the night and she had been glad to remain in bed.

"I've 'phoned to the village for the doctor," Aunt Marcia said. "She seems to have some temperature. But I don't want the day spoiled for the rest of you. Sue has her license and can drive the car, and you three girls must have the picnic at the Valhalla Dam, just as we planned. The hotel will put you up a nice lunch. The clerk says you can't lose your way for there's only one road—through the woods. It sounds lonely to me, but he declares that there isn't the slightest danger. And in wild country like this I suppose we've got to take a few chances if we're to see anything."

"We'll be all right," Phyl assured her. "There aren't any tramps."

"He says there's a loop of road on beyond the dam," Aunt Marcia continued, "about twenty miles of it. But

nothing beyond that except unbroken forest. I wouldn't go beyond the dam, if I were you. They say it's very beautiful at the dam itself, and a good place to eat your lunch."

The narrow graveled road through the Maine wilderness to the great engineering *tour de force* known as the Valhalla Dam, justified, in its loneliness, all Aunt Marcia had said. Trees—spruce, hemlock, and tamarack, mixed with hardwoods—crowded close on either side. Occasionally small creatures of the forest skipped across the road ahead of the car, field mice, chipmunks, an occasional startled bunny. And at least one fat ground hog loped to safety before the purr of the engine. Except for such as these, the girls had not encountered a living being, and they had been driving for nearly an hour. Overhead the sun was bright, and black-and-yellow bumblebees droned cheerfully above clumps of wayside yarrow and orchid-pink fireweed.

"Look!" Phyl turned to include the back seat, as the trees at the left thinned to afford a view (Continued on page 35)



RED WITH ANGER, SALLY SEARCHED UNDER THE TABLECLOTH FOR HER BANGLE





*Midge attends her first grown-up party in a dress magnanimously loaned by Adele, and finds out that such unprecedented generosity can have its hidden purpose! Another rollicking Midge story*

By

MARJORIE  
PARADIS

*author of "The Old Lady  
of the Lake"*

*Illustrated by  
MERLE REED*

AS MIDGE STOOD BEFORE HER DRESSING TABLE IN THE PINK CHIFFON GOWN, SHE DECIDED THAT THIS YOUNG LADY BUSINESS WAS GOING TO BE A LOT OF FUN

## THE PARTY DRESS

"YOU mean you'll lend me that dress!" Midge's face, a mask of cream according to her sister's directions, cracked in a wide smile as she looked adoringly at the rose-pink chiffon Adele had hung on her door. Then her lips closed and became invisible in the oleaginous cream; she shook her head sorrowfully, mumbling, "But you know Mumsie'll never consent. Why, you haven't worn it yourself! It's got to do you for college all next winter."

"I know all that, but I've explained to Mother the importance of a first appearance."

"But suppose I ruin it?"

"Just be careful, that's all," encouraged the older sister, leaving Midge stunned by such unwonted generosity.

The occasion for the borrowed gown was a big dance across the lake. It was given by the Thompsons, a large family that sprawled over three generations and included the artist, Eric Thompson, who had employed Midge all summer as a model.

Her invitation had not been prompted by their business relations, but had come, the last minute, as an S. O. S. because a partner was needed for a youthful cousin who had turned up unexpectedly.

Midge's father had been against her going. "She's too young," he had argued. "It'll ruin her for simpler things. She'll run away with the party and it'll turn her head."

"If fathers had their way, daughters would never grow

up," Mrs. Bennett had laughed and so his objections had been overruled. Then came the question of what she should wear and Adele's amazing offer of the pink chiffon dress. Never had Midge expected rating *that* creation!

They weren't to leave for the dance until nearly bedtime—nine o'clock—but, dawdle over her dressing as she would, Midge still had ages to spare, so she dashed off a letter to Quentin Hamilton, telling him of the coming event. She felt disloyal as she wrote. Suppose her father were right and this ended her girlhood! Suppose, instead of having a good, honest pal like Tin, she were to attract real *dates*, beaux who handed out compliments along with candy and flowers!

"Dad seems to think this is a crisis in my life," she wrote, "that after to-night I'll never be quite the same. Instead of being a crazy kid, he's afraid I'll turn into a sophisticated gal. Maybe I didn't spell it right, but you get my meaning. Well, I suppose it has to come some time."

"Ready?" called Adele through the thin partition of the summer cottage.

"Just have to put on my—your—dress." Midge dropped the pen, scrubbed the ink from her finger, and wriggled into the pink confection. The color was a little pale for her Indian tanned skin and instead of touching the floor it only reached her ankles for she was taller than her sister, but the swish was delightful. Yes, this young lady business was going to be a lot of fun.

Harold Hoyt, Adele's escort, drove them to the party in his roadster. Midge, snug in her polo coat, occupied the rumble-seat and hummed contentedly. She was a gooseberry and an also-ran merely for the duration of the ride—once at the Thompsons', a partner awaited her.

As they sped along the road striped with silver moonlight, she found herself growing unexpectedly nervous. What about this cousin? She knew he went to the Tate School and Adele said it was terribly high hat. Suppose he were stuck up; or awfully fresh!

The long, low house blazed like a grass fire and from it vibrated the rhythmic thump of drums.

"Good-night, an orchestra!" ejaculated Harold, helping them out.

"You didn't suppose they'd use a radio, did you?" scoffed Adele. "This is a real party."

The music, however, the laughter, the shrill voices, the bright faces and brighter gowns had Midge in a daze as they went upstairs to leave their wraps, so that she could take in only scattered details: the canopied bed filled with evening coats, and the fact that several of the girls clustered about the maple-framed mirror wore wedding rings. How odd to think of them as married women! Some of them looked no older than Adele.

"Remember," whispered her sister when they were alone, "nothing succeeds like success. The idea is, look as if you're having a swell time even if you're suffering the final pangs of appendicitis."

At the foot of the stairs Harold Hoyt took possession of Adele, and Midge stood uncertainly in the doorway, watching the couples swirl and dip, and wondering which was her partner.

Eric Thompson, the artist, looking boyish and charming in a white mess jacket, came over to her with his wife, a cute little grown-up Shirley Temple. Before she had any more than greeted Midge, a sleek headed youth claimed her and off they danced.

"Let's you and me," suggested Eric, and Midge found herself weaving dexterously in and out of the crowd with her employer.

"Where's the cousin?"

"Somewhere around. He'll turn up."

She remembered her sister's instructions and ventured a laugh which astonished her with its harshness. Usually, while Eric painted, they did little talking—but that was work, this was play. She must be entertaining.

"I don't believe I've ever told you what a wonderful artist I think you are, Eric! To paint magazine covers! Lots of people could paint them, I suppose, but to sell them! And that soap ad—I don't mean because you painted me. I'm proud to—" how would Adele word it?—"to be of the smallest help to a creative artist."

The dance was long, very long. Midge raved about the canoe she had purchased with the money earned by modeling, and went into ecstasies over the summer vacation, but the more she talked, the less Eric seemed to listen.

Before the patter of applause died away at the end of the dance, Eric excused himself, promising to be right back. She saw his reflection in a mirror, arguing with a man in the hall who first shook his head, then shrugged. A moment



later Eric came up with this man and presented him to her.

"Midge, my brother, George. He insists on having the next dance if Bud doesn't turn up first."

George Thompson was older and heavier, and even harder to entertain than his brother. He danced with a doggedness that took no heed of the others and conversation consisted mostly of apologies.

Other couples, Midge noticed, were forever shifting. Three different men had already cut in on Adele. Once her sister shot her a critical frown and Midge expressed her helplessness by a shrug, after which she tried to increase her mirth. She smiled until her mouth felt stretched—as if she'd just left the dentist's—but no partner was lured to cut in by her gayety.

A THIRD and still older brother, Edward, slightly bald and wearing spectacles, relieved George. There were four brothers, Midge knew, and she wondered if, after them, she'd have to dance with the father.

"Maybe you'd rather sit out this dance, Mr. Thompson?" she suggested hopefully.

"No, no, not at all. George has gone to look for Bud."

"Are you worried about him?"

"I'm worried by him plenty, but not about him," Mr. Thompson sniffed.

As if in punishment, something struck him on the forehead with a snapping sound.





"THAT'S NOT FISH YOU'RE FRYING," MIDGE PROTESTED, "IT'S PIG! PLEASE LET ME STAY AND PLAY I'M YOUR MAN FRIDAY"

"What in thunder—!" he growled and stopped short to rub a ruby spot.

Midge felt a sting on her arm, while from the guests about her came "Ouches!" and "Wows!"

"Ed, bring Midge out here," called George from the porch.

They found him holding a tousled youth, to whom he was muttering, "If you do beat it, I'll write your mother about the bean shooter."

His manner lightened. "Here's Bud at last! Midge Bennett, this is the late Bud Gates."

Whereupon the two brothers hastily retreated as if they had just lighted a fire-cracker.

"Well, where have you been?" Midge asked, more like an irate mother than a society belle bent on charming. She frowned at Bud's muddy pumps, his smudged white flannels, and the rumpled hemp-colored hair that came no higher than her ear.

He merely scowled back at her and she added reproachfully, "I've been waiting for you simply ages."

"That's your hard luck. I told 'em not to import any skirt for me. I wouldn't be seen dead at a dance."

"Do you really hate dancing?" she asked.

"You're asking me? Look at 'em, the big saps!" He waved a grimy hand toward the French windows. "Goin' like mad, and where are they gettin'? Tell me that."

"Getting fun."

"All right, let 'em, but I have other fish to fry." Whereupon he jumped off the porch, picked up a tin pail, and disappeared in the inky shadows.

Left alone, Midge stood irresolute, sure only of one thing. She would not go back into the house to be a burden shared by the Thompson brothers.

Noiselessly she tiptoed down the steps and crept around to the side of the house where she found a wheelbarrow in the shadow of a spruce tree. She seated herself between its friendly wooden arms.

THE dining room, lighted by tall candles, stood out like a stage from where she sat. The beat of the drum and the blasting saxophone ceased. Couples strolled in and nibbled this and that—a sandwich, an olive, salted nuts. Midge imagined each mouthful until her throat ached. Of what use torturing herself like this? She might better go down to the studio on the edge of the lake and wait there. Ashamed of the little hungry sob she had to swallow, she sped down the lawn, careful to keep within the shadow of the trees.

The soft swish of chiffon mocked her, for she had thought, like her father, that she might make a little sensation. "Who is that lovely young thing?" she had imagined people asking one another. Greta Garbo wasn't beautiful, but what a stir she made!

Carefully holding her borrowed finery knee high, she crossed the road and took the dirt path that led down the little peninsula. Safe now from discovery, she indulged in a few tears. The studio was built on the tip end of the peninsula, and she sat down on the steps and gazed on the moon-drenched lake, shiny as silver pin-wheel paper.

A canoe skimmed the bright, metallic water, trailing plaintive melody behind it:

*"How I love to hear the organ  
In the chapel in the moonlight—"*

The music made her homesick. How cold and austere the moonlight! It must be dreadful to die of hunger. She could actually smell bacon frying—it must be the power of imagination. Hugging her bare arms, the skin now raised in goose-pimples, she wished she were snug in her own bed across the lake.

A crackling sound caught her attention. She peered around the side of the studio and saw sooty smoke curling up from beyond an embankment. Fleet of foot, she dashed around the edge of the lake and discovered a low fire, over which crouched a figure. Although the back of this figure was toward her, she recognized the tousled head and enjoyed the pleasant sensation of discovering a friend on a desert island.

"Hello there, Bud!"

Bud turned, looked up from a smoking pan, and his frown was plainly visible even in the firelight.

But Midge was not discouraged. "That's not fish you're frying," she cried, "it's pig."

"It's both," he corrected curtly.

"Don't be like that, please," she begged. "Let me play I'm your man Friday."

"Nix. Get out! Go on! Beat it!"

"Can't I stay? I'm awfully cold and hungry."

It was his turn to plead. "Say, *won't* you get along? You and your gang'll spoil everything."

"But I haven't any gang. I'm all alone. And what's more, I'm washed up on dances, too."

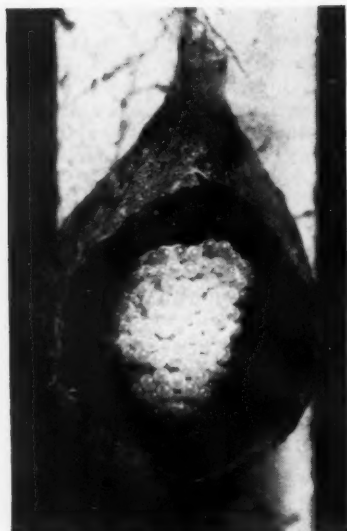
He stared at her. Then, "Straight goods?" he asked skeptically.

She nodded. "Uh, huh. And I'm so starved my ribs are poking through my dress."

"Then you'll have to work."

"I will. I'm good at it. I've camped for years."

She took charge of the frying pan and turned the split fish and curling bacon with a sharp (Continued on page 49)



SPIDER EGGS LIKE PEARLY GRAPES



DEATH OF A TENT CATERPILLAR! THIS WASP-LIKE INSECT IS A PARASITE THAT FEEDS ON THE CATERPILLAR IN ITS COCOON. A REAL FRIEND TO MAN!

*There are many fascinating discoveries to be made by the explorer of her own back yard, about the life habits of insects*

TOP OF FACING PAGE: COMMON SOW BUGS AT LEFT, AND PILL BUGS, ONE ROLLED IN BALL

**F**OR many years I have been exploring my own back yard, yet never does a year or a month go by, without something new and fascinating popping up somewhere within that same little plot of ground.

If you, as a novice, suddenly decide to look into this absorbing pastime, you will find a whole world of nature awaiting your pleasure. If you are a girl who has studied nature to some degree, or a Girl Scout with many badges, you still have a great deal to learn and see in your own back yard. I do not mean that you or I could easily find things which scientists had not seen before, but, if you have never seen these things yourself, they are as delightful and surprising as any new discovery is to a scientist.

When you have become a back-yard explorer, an important point to remember is that, by carefully observing the commonest creatures, you may learn new facts about their lives that many scientists know nothing about.

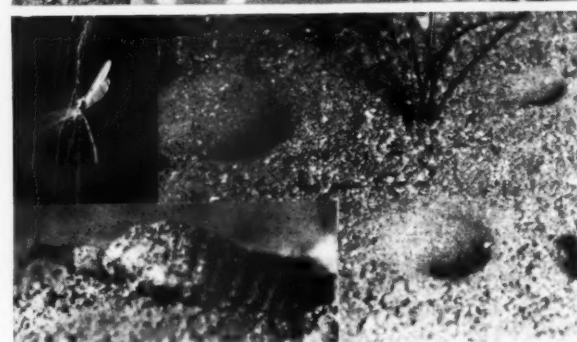
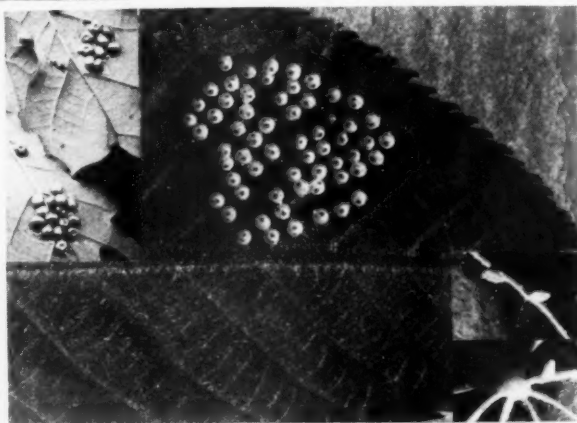
Dozens of common things are flying and crawling in the back yard during their season, and, while their names are known to naturalists, in a great many cases facts regarding their early stages or lives are greatly to be desired. What are their eggs like? Where do they lay them? What are the young like? What do they eat? Are there things that prey upon the eggs, or the young? What odd habits and actions do they show? These, and dozens of similar questions, are the ones to which we want careful answers, and the back-yard explorer who is observant and careful in his or her labors, may discover something of real importance which may be helpful to naturalists or agriculturists, or even to the Government and the country.

Remember that your yard is a mine. There are four seasons through which to hunt, and you may start at any time, although of course spring and summer are the most productive times of the year.

If you have a flower or a vegetable garden; or a few trees and shrubs, and a bit of lawn; or a pool or a brooklet—in fact any kind of a yard where things grow—then you may become a back-yard explorer today.

If you have had flowers during the summer, you are more than likely to discover round, or pear-shaped, silken cocoons, suspended or fastened among the withered flower stalks in autumn and winter. These are the cocoons of the big garden spiders which helped to keep harmful insects in check during the summer by catching hundreds of them in their webs.

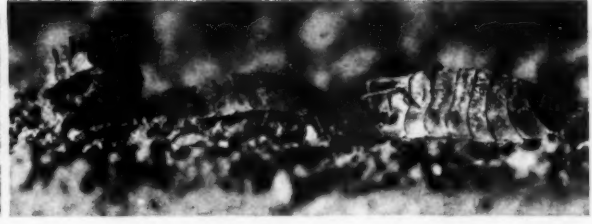
Cut one of these cocoons open on the side, very carefully,



TOP PICTURE: EGGS FOUND ON THE UNDER SIDES OF LEAVES. THE TWO GROUPS IN THE UPPER LEFT INSET, AND THE ENLARGED GROUP IN THE CENTER, ARE MOTH EGGS. THE ELLIPTICAL SINGLE EGGS IN THE LOWER RIGHT INSET ARE A BUTTERFLY'S

CENTER PICTURE: TWO COMMON BUGS, MUCH ENLARGED, FOUND ON SQUASH AND PUMPKIN VINES, SHOWN WITH THEIR EGGS

LOWER PICTURE: ANT-LION PITS IN THE SAND. TOP INSET SHOWS A WINGED ADULT. BELOW, AN ANT-LION IN HIS TRAP LYING IN WAIT WITH JAWS EXTENDED FOR SOME UNWARY ANT



# BACK-YARD EXPLORING

By

**PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES**

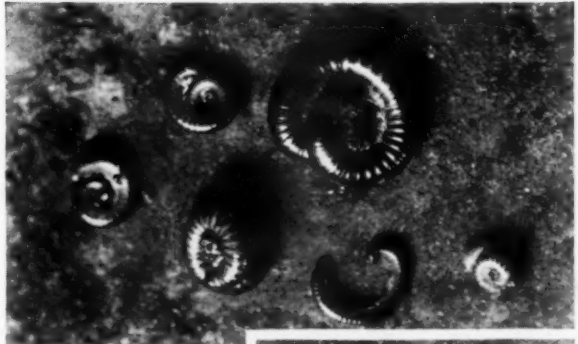
*Curator of National History, Bruce Museum, Greenwich, Connecticut*

with sharp scissors. Inside, either you will find a mass of beautifully colored eggs, like a miniature bunch of grapes, or, if you have opened it later in the year, many tiny and almost transparent little spiders who will live in the cocoon all together until the warm days of spring.

Notice how beautifully the cocoon was fashioned by the mother spider before she died in the autumn. Notice how she placed her precious egg case, in order to protect her babies. The yards and yards of silk were spun out as a liquid which hardened into silk as it came in contact with the air. Notice the inner coating of silk, to help keep the egg mass warm. Gather a number of spider's egg cocoons, if you can, and keep these in a glass jar with the top covered. By searching under bark, or stones, or refuse, or around houses, you will find many smaller egg cocoons. Put all these in the glass jar, cover it tightly, and put it where you may observe it every day. After a while you are likely to find many little wasp-like or fly-like insects, moving around within the container, and these are known as *parasites*.

These little insects are more like wasps than flies, in most cases. Somehow they lay eggs in or upon the eggs of the spiders, and, when their young hatch out, they eat the spider's eggs and finally hatch out of the cocoon in place of the young spiders. If you should open a spider's egg cocoon and find a number of tiny grub-like creatures, you will have found the young or *larvae*, as they are called, of the parasite.

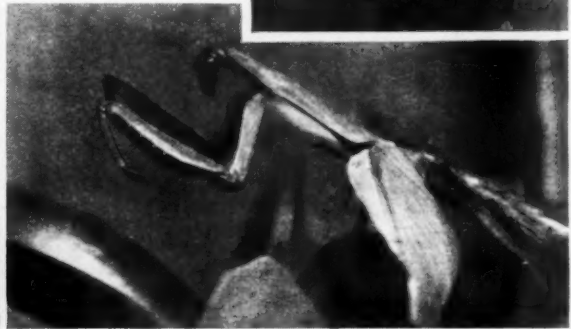
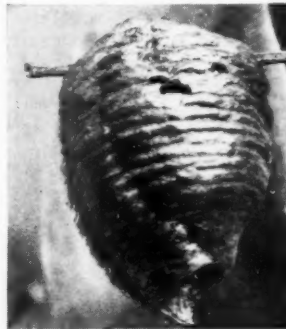
I have mentioned all these things, just to show you how  
(Continued on page 50)



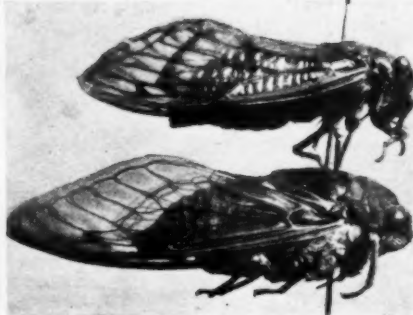
MILLIPEDES, OR THOUSAND-LEGGERS, THAT WALK WITH A ROWING MOTION AND CURL UP WHEN TOUCHED

AT RIGHT: MAGNIFIED UNDER SIDE OF A BUMBLEBEE SHOWING POLLEN GRAINS

LOWER LEFT: LIKE A HORN-ET'S NEST IS THIS MUCH-ENLARGED EGG CASE OF THE VORACIOUS PRAYING MANTIS



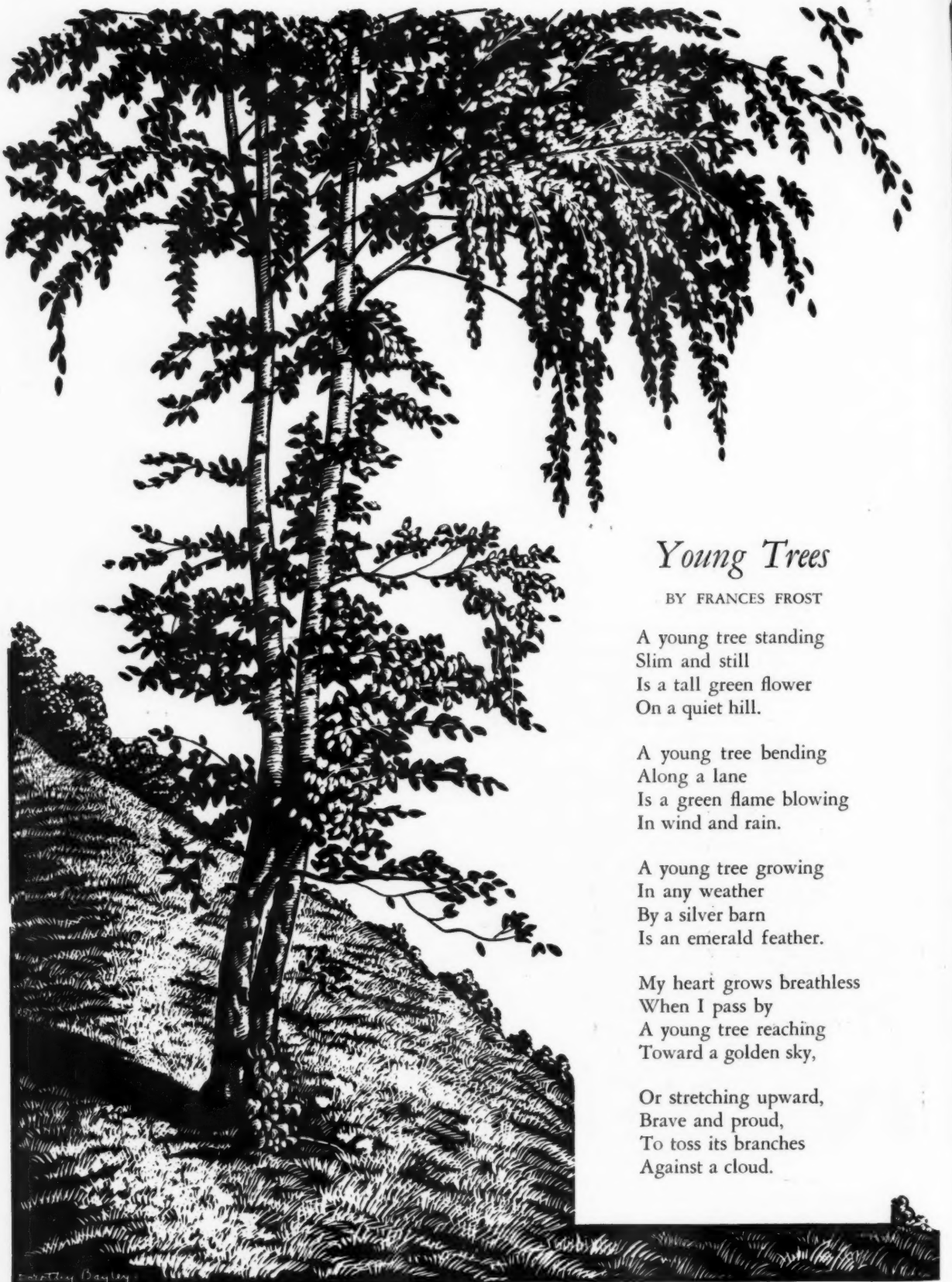
*Photographs by the Author*



ABOVE: THE PRAYING MANTIS WHOSE DEVOTIONAL ATTITUDE WITH HIS SPIKED FOREARMS BELIES HIS INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR OTHER INSECTS

AT LEFT: TWO CICADA SPECIMENS—A SEVENTEEN-YEAR VARIETY AT TOP AND A COMMON CICADA AT THE BOTTOM. CICADA SHELLS AT FAR LEFT





## *Young Trees*

BY FRANCES FROST

A young tree standing  
Slim and still  
Is a tall green flower  
On a quiet hill.

A young tree bending  
Along a lane  
Is a green flame blowing  
In wind and rain.

A young tree growing  
In any weather  
By a silver barn  
Is an emerald feather.

My heart grows breathless  
When I pass by  
A young tree reaching  
Toward a golden sky,

Or stretching upward,  
Brave and proud,  
To toss its branches  
Against a cloud.



# THE TRUMBULL

Illustrated by DOROTHY BAYLEY

# SPUNK by EMILY HOPKINS DRAKE

YOU'RE not goin' to let that child go all the way to Albany alone, Jonas?" Grandma Trumbull laid down her knitting and stared with astonishment at her son.

"Why not, Mother?" The tall, dark bearded man turned from the window to smile down at the old lady in the haircloth rocker. "'Liza Ann's nearly sixteen now. And her Aunt Letty's set on having her come."

'Liza Ann bounded to her feet, overturning the hassock on which she had been sitting. So she was really going! If Father was on her side, the matter was as good as settled.

"I'm not a child, Grandma!" she laughed. "You were married and raising a family when you were only a year older. So there!"

"I know," sighed Grandma resignedly, "but times were different when I was young." It was hard to remember that 'Liza Ann, to whom she had been a mother for nearly fourteen years, was now almost grown up. "If you were goin' by stage coach, I wouldn't fret, but these packet boats— it's takin'

*A charming story which tells about the adventurous days when packet boats plied the Erie Canal, and how sixteen-year old 'Liza Ann started off alone on the five-day trip to Albany*

a risk." She finished with a shake of her white head.

"Why, that's the nicest part of it!" cried her granddaughter. "I've always wanted to take a trip on the Canal. And this will be such a fine, long one. Just think—five whole days!"

"Afraid she'll get drowned, Mother?"

asked Jonas Trumbull, his eyes twinkling.

"The Canal's only about six feet deep,

"I'M REAL GLAD YOU COULD GO, DEARIE," SAID AUNT TUCKER, PATTING 'LIZA ANN'S ARM AS YOUNG EZRA, TUGGED AGAIN AT HIS MOTHER'S ELBOW



remember; and so narrow that, if she fell overboard, she'd be fished out before she had time to sink."

"I wasn't thinkin' 'bout the water," returned Grandma as she picked up her knitting once more. "'Liza Ann, just you run up attic an' fetch me another skein o' yarn."

"There's awful rough characters on those packets," she continued as soon as she and her son were alone. "I was readin' only last week in the *Evenin' Journal* that there's a man called 'Gentleman Jack' who makes a business of robbin' packet passengers. With a scalawag like that around, a young girl wouldn't be safe."

"Nonsense!" laughed Jonas, taking out his flowered bandanna handkerchief and blowing his nose very hard. "A man like that is on the lookout for warehouse men and bankers, not simple little girls like 'Liza Ann.'"

Hooking his thumbs into the armholes of his black satin waistcoat, he began to pace up and down the room. "It'll be a good experience for her," he said. "We've coddled and spoiled her too much, I'm afraid—though there isn't a better

or prettier girl in Palmyra, or the whole of Wayne County for that matter."

"Nor a spunkier," put in Grandma.

"Yes," agreed Jonas, laughing, "she's got her share of the Trumbull spunk."

TWO weeks later, on as fair an October Tuesday as any one could wish, 'Liza Ann Trumbull, her bags and bandboxes about her and her small black reticule clutched tightly in one hand, stood on the wharf of the Bunker Hill Hotel, waiting for the packet to Albany.

In the crowd which invariably gathered to see one of the splendid packet boats go through, were relatives and friends to whom the occasion was almost as important as it was to 'Liza Ann, herself. It wasn't every day one of their townspeople embarked for the State capital; and the fact that, in this case, the traveler was an intimate, added glamor to the event.

"I'd never let a daughter of mine go all that distance alone, Hannah," croaked old Mrs. Brophy, the doctor's wife, speaking to Grandma Trumbull. "You never know what might happen!"

"We're all in God's hands, Je-mima," was Grandma's reply.

A group of school friends came fluttering around 'Liza Ann, laughing and chattering.

"Just think, by Sunday you'll be there!"



"You'll see so many new people and places! Perhaps you'll ride on a railroad train."

"Keep a sharp lookout for that telegraph line they've just been building," put in her cousin, John Trumbull, a serious youth of eighteen. "They say you can see the poles near Durhamville. Maybe the captain will point them out to you."

"Well, my dear, you'll have lots of things to tell us when next you set foot in Palmyra!" Aunt Tucker, her bonnet askew and her shawl dragging, came bustling toward her, five little Tuckers straggling along behind. "I'm real glad you could go, dearie," she went on, patting her niece's arm. "You must give my love to your Aunt Letty, and remind her to send me that cure for rheumatism. The minute the cold weather sets in, your Uncle Tucker—What in Tophet's the matter with you, Ezra?" she interrupted herself to demand of a small boy who had been tugging at her elbow. "Oh, I know," she laughed good-humoredly. "He wants you to fill this with water from the Hudson River." She thrust a small stoppered bottle into 'Liza Ann's hand.

CLOSE at hand stood Father, his big gold time-piece open in his hand. "Eight o'clock!" he frowned. "The *Onondaga's* late!" His face brightened as the faint notes of a bugle came to his ears. "Here she comes at last!" and, snapping his watch shut, he put it back into his waistcoat pocket.

"Hooray!" As the shout went up, 'Liza Ann, too, joined in the cry. There she was—the gorgeous Albany packet! Just rounding the bend below Cannon Hill, her captain standing in the bow, blowing his bugle lustily. Four sleek, dappled-gray horses drew her, their harnesses glittering in the sun, while the driver, mounted upon the hindmost, flourished his whip and cracked it in the air, urging the horses to a brisk canter down the long straight stretch to the wharf.

Though the sight of a packet was no novelty to 'Liza Ann, she now watched the approach of the great, blunt-nosed craft with a feeling akin to awe. Never had one seemed so huge, so overwhelming as this one, as she slid slowly up to the wharf and was made fast to one of the snubbing posts. There was something almost sublime in the dazzling whiteness of her, in the vivid scarlet of her deck awnings and trimmings; an air of festivity and elegance in the crowd of prosperous-looking people who promenaded her deck, looking down upon the people on the wharf and commenting about them and their village in a superior way.

'Liza Ann's clutch on her father's arm tightened. A moment more and she would be up there among those strangers, sailing away from home and friends.

"Why, pet, you're trembling!" Father patted her hand reassuringly. "Come," he said, putting his arm around her, "say a word to your friends, and kiss Grandma good-by."

"No hurry, Jonas," remarked Uncle Tucker who just then sauntered by. "The horses have to be changed here, and the cap'n has to go to the Collector's office to show his papers and pay toll. There he goes now!" he added as a gray-haired man in uniform alighted and made his way briskly toward a small brick building that adjoined the crowded wharf.

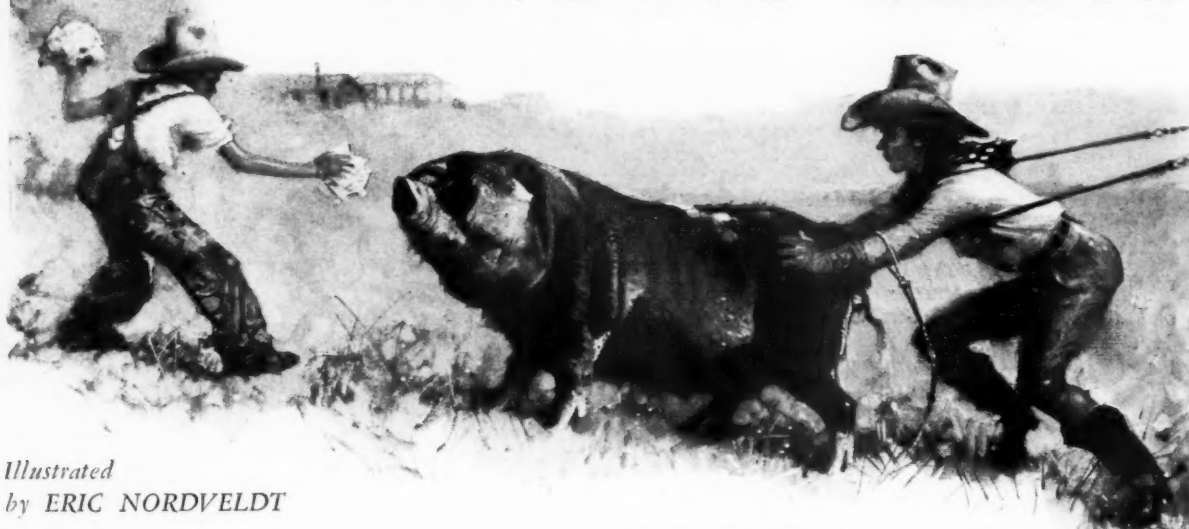
(Continued on page 42)

"LOOK," CRIED THE WOMAN  
SUDDENLY, "HERE COMES A  
MAN RUNNIN' LIKE HE AIMS  
TO CATCH THIS BOAT!"





# The SINGING GHOST



Illustrated  
by ERIC NORDVELDT

EM DENEEN had ridden in to Buffalo Forks on errands for the Flying Crow ranch. As she passed the frame hotel, she slowed her hurrying steps to read the placard advertising the Amateur Contest soon to be held in the town. It reminded her of her promise to Kip O'Malley to be back at the ranch this evening in time to help him work out a sharpshooting number. Em had helped Kip collect old cowbells; he was a crack shot and she was sure that, with practice, he could shoot with such swiftness and accuracy as to play a jingle on them.

Some one called to her from the hotel porch. "Oh, Em, I was just praying I'd see you to-day!" She looked up into the white, distraught face of Mrs. McLean—whose name, here in the prairie country, was usually shortened to "Mrs. Mac." Her husband, a veteran of the World War, was known as "Soldier Mac" and their nine-year-old boy was called "Little Mac."

As Em ran up the steps of the porch, the woman grasped her hand in her own two, which were trembling, and poured out an incoherent explanation. "I'm so worried about leaving Little Mac out there on the ranch alone. You see, I just intended to come in for the mail and go right out again—I came in with the neighbors up the ridge. But, Em, I just have to go to the hospital, to be with Mac. I can't bear to think of him going through that operation alone—"

Em understood. Soldier Mac, after suffering from an old war wound in his hip, had gone up to the city to the Veterans' Hospital. The last time Em had talked to Mrs. Mac, she had said the doctors thought an operation would set him right. Every one in the Buffalo Forks country liked Soldier Mac for the kindly, hard-working fellow he was. He had a pleasing tenor voice and, at any gathering, he was always ready to sing those songs which McCormack had made memorable—*A Tumbledown Shack in Athlone* and *A Little Bit of Heaven*—and he sang them just about as well, in the opinion of his neighbors, as the Irish tenor himself.

Mrs. Mac was crying softly and Em reassured her. "Of course you ought to go. And don't worry about Little Mac. I'll go by, on my way home, and tend to everything. And I'll take the little fellow on to the Flying Crow with me."

"You're the only one he'd go with, Em—he's such a funny, shy little rascal—but he's always adored you." A

IT TOOK THREE HOURS TO COAX, CAJOLE,  
AND SHOVE THE GRUNTING GWENDOLYN  
OVER THE PLAINS TO THE "FLYING CROW"

shaky smile twisted Mrs. Mac's lips. "You remember the baby pig you gave him that he named Gwendolyn? You ought to see her now. Little Mac loves animals."

She sighed, "It's awful to be pulled between two loyalties," and Em saw the pain in her face, from love that could hurt and bewilder the heart as well as gladden it. "I'm having to use some of Little Mac's money, that he's been saving for two years to get a pony. Maybe he told you about that calico pony Lathrops have for sale, for twenty-five dollars. He's simply lived for the day when he could get it. It hurts me to have to use some of his money, just when he's got enough."

Em knew the friendly, swift-footed calico pony for which Little Mac longed. And no one understood better than she the consuming longing a child on the plains could have for a pony of his own. But she said, "Little Mac would want you to use the money so you can go to his father."

She stayed with the Soldier's wife until train time. The doctor from Buffalo Forks was going up to the city with Mrs. Mac, and Em knew, from his grave face, that the operation would be a serious one.

When her errands were finished she rode toward home, urging her white-footed Pal o' Mine to a mile-eating trot. She circled a few miles out of her way and reached the huddle of buildings on the Soldier's place. There was something gallantly brave about the fancy trellis on the porch and the wild rose bushes he had set out and kept watered. As she dismounted, she saw Little Mac, a pathetically small figure in faded overalls, struggling with a bucket of water which he was pouring into a trough for a thirsty black sow.

"Hi, young soldier!" Em greeted the child. "I saw your mother in town. She decided to go on up to the city to—to—"

Before she could gloss over the facts, the little boy said gravely, "Oh—then Father's going to have that operation. He told me it was a pretty tough one, but it was a chance for him to be all right again."

Em slid off her horse and slipped an arm around him. "He'll come out all right. He's quite a scrapper, you know."



*You've been asking for one! Here it is—a new Em and Kip story in which Windy Lathrop eats more than his words!*

By

LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER



How'd you like to come over to the Flying Crow with me? We're awfully short-handed and you'd be a lot of help."

"I'd like to. The horses and cow could get along by themselves, if we left the windmill turned on. But what about Gwendolyn here? D'you remember how you gave me Gwendolyn when I was just a little kid?" (As though he had practically reached manhood now, Em thought whimsically). "I couldn't leave Gwendolyn."

Em stood, with Pal o' Mine nuzzling her impatiently, and appraised Gwendolyn's avoirdupois. She thought aloud, "It's a good two miles to the Crow. You can't drag a pig at the end of a rope because their necks—what little they have—are as big around as their heads. And you can't drive one."

"Oh, no, you couldn't drive Gwendolyn. But she coaxes easy!" The boy's dark eyes shone in his narrow, tanned face. "And she's just crazy about cabbage. Once when I was taking some cabbages over to the Professor's, she followed me almost all the way."

LITTLE MAC went to the dugout for a cabbage while Em went into the house to put things in shape for leaving. On the table were several phonograph records. She must put them away and close the machine. "A Tumbledown Shack in Athlone" was still on it, she noticed as she shut down the cover. Em had often heard Soldier Mac play that song and blend his own voice with it. She remembered his saying modestly, one evening, "A few records like that are as good as a vocal teacher. I hope John McCormack wouldn't mind a poor homesteader singing along with him."

Then the transplanting of Gwendolyn began. Alas for Em's

plan of helping Kip O'Malley work out a "ringing-the-bells" stunt by sharpshooting that evening! It took three hours to coax, cajole, and shove the grunting Gwendolyn over the plains to the Flying Crow. Time and again the black sow turned back, longingly, to the place of her young pignood.

"It's getting dark," Little Mac excused his pet, "and she always lays on the back step at night."

Time and again, Em, who was walking and leading Pal o' Mine, had to use all her strength to hold Gwendolyn to her course. Little Mac would humor her by stripping off a leaf of cabbage and feeding it to her; then he'd walk ahead, holding out the bedraggled cabbage head promisingly. Em's arms ached from Pal o' Mine pulling back—he was all horse disgust with this close proximity to a member of the pork family.

It was long after dark when the hungry, hot, and harried four finally reached the Flying Crow. Little Mac, exhausted as he was, had to mix some bran with potato peelings for Gwendolyn before he would rest, or eat. "Father told me," he explained confidentially, "to give her all she wanted to eat these days."

In the days which followed, the little boy hung about the Flying Crow, sober and lonely. Em had to be out, helping the cowboys bring in steers from the dry range to where the water holes still held out. She wished that Uncle Haze were home for he had a genial, man-to-man way that made little boys feel at home. But Uncle Haze was away, finding a buyer for their fall shipment.

Em wished, too, that the Flying Crow had a suitable mount for a small boy. She remembered the achiness of her own legs when she had ridden large broncos, the inadequacy of her own young arms to cope with their "ornerinesses." And not a horse on the Flying Crow would ride double!

On the evening of the third day, she took down the buffalo skull from the high two-by-four in her room. She had been saving this money for boots to wear in the fall exhibitions. She had ten dollars and that was just enough, by adding it to what was left of Little Mac's fund, to buy the calico pony which would make the disconsolate youngster the happiest boy in the country.

She found him trying to weight down a post of the alfalfa-field fence which Gwendolyn had almost rooted out. One would think a whole alfalfa field would satisfy any pig, but no, Gwendolyn still longed to be close to a back door.

Em said, as she stamped the ground down solidly around the post, "I've decided to go ahead and get your pony from the Lathrops. You've got almost enough—" she stretched the truth a little there—"and I can lend you the difference. You can do so many more chores if you've got a horse under you."

Such a small, quivery bundle of happiness was Little Mac as he sat there planning with Em. He could take their lunch to Em and Kip and Pinto Jones when they were held up, driving calves; he could ride fence with Pinto; yes, and he'd ride into Buffalo Forks and be sitting on the calico pony—he believed he'd name it Michael—when his father and mother came home from the city.

"I'll ride over to Lathrops' to-morrow and buy Michael," Em promised him.

Windy Lathrop stopped at the Flying Crow ranch, the next mid-morning. Oku Hung smiled as he put an extra plate on for dinner. Oku had made coconut pie, and every one who knew Windy and his cavernous appetite, claimed that he had an uncanny intuition that told him when any delicacy was in the making.

As they sat down to the table Little Mac nudged Em. "Ask him about the pony!"

Em whispered back, "Uncle Haze always said to feed a horse dealer first and you can get a better bargain." She hoped she might get the pony and saddle and bridle for less than the quoted twenty-five.

The talk at the table turned to the Amateur Contest in Buffalo Forks. Windy, as usual, knew more about it than anyone else. He told them the Professor's daughter, Aline, was going to play her guitar and sing cowboy songs.

Em said, "Kip is going to have a target-shooting number."

"Target-shootin'," discounted Windy Lathrop. "Nobody wants to see target shootin'."

Pinto, with pardonable pride, remarked that he thought of putting on a roping number. He'd use a small loop and do some of the figure-eights and fancy stage numbers. This should have

floored Windy for the two had always been roping rivals in Wild West shows; however, Windy's adeptness was with a long throwing loop and he had never been able to handle a short one.

"That's as 'passay' as target shootin'," Windy said, extending his plate for a second piece of coconut pie. "Buffalo Forks is fed up on little fool ropin' stunts. An Amateur Contest is supposed to encourage the cultural arts. That's what I'm goin' in for."

"You don't mean recitin' homemade poetry like the Postmaster's wife at the Forks?" questioned Pinto Jones, his eyes narrowing.

"Poetry and dancin' and song are what I mean by cultural arts," Windy responded, with as much dignity as he could manage with his mouth full of coconut pie.

"Do tell!" ejaculated Pinto. "Maybe you'll give 'em a little dance number. Yeah," he added with a snort of mirth, "you might give 'em an imitation of that time you stuck your foot in your boot and found a innocent little hornet. Ah, what fire—what movement—what broken rhythm you put into that little schottische!"

"Speaking of song," put in Kip O'Malley, "you might burst forth in an aria, like that time on night herd when you startled them yearlin' steers into a stampede."

THEY all—Oku Hung, Em, and Little Mac—joined in the hearty laughter. All, of course, except Windy Lathrop. He gulped down his remaining half-cup of coffee, stood up, and reached for his overlarge Stetson. "It's expectin' too much for you folks to be interested in anythin' but shootin' and ropin'."

He had reached the door when Little Mac clutched Em's elbow. "Ask him about the calico pony."

Em stopped Windy as he reached the corral gate. "Say, Windy, we want to buy your calico pony. I heard you were asking twenty-five—but I guess with fall and winter coming on, you'd take less, wouldn't you?"

A gleam came into Windy's eyes, and Em realized she should never have gone at a horse trade with a Lathrop so haphazardly. For there had been rivalry always between the Deneen Flying Crow ranch and the Lathrop Slash T. To be sure, in sickness or trouble each one helped the other, but in a horse deal all neighborliness ceased. And certainly the present moment, when Windy was smarting from cowboy jibes about his dancing and singing ability, was not an opportune time.

"Funny thing about that little calico pony," he mused, "I got a couple of buyers dickerin' for him. A fellow over in the Brakes offered me thirty for him, but there's a widow-woman just crazy to get him, and she'll pay me forty." (Continued on page 46)



"HI, YOUNG SOLDIER!" EM GREETED THE CHILD. "I SAW YOUR MOTHER IN TOWN." HE NODDED GRAVELY

# THE HOUSE *by* THE ROAD

Illustrated  
by HARVÉ  
STEIN

## *The Story So Far*

"Imp," as her school friends call Irene Hartless, lives on a country estate with her Aunt Ida, her father, (a noted engineer whose business keeps him much away from home), her young stepmother, Christina, her little stepbrother, Bubbles, the French governess, Mammo, and a number of servants.

An attempt is made to steal Christina's pearls, and the thieves, mistaking Irene for Mammo, shove her and Bubbles into their car and drive away with them. Discovering their mistake, they leave the two in a deserted farmhouse while they make a getaway. Irene finds the pearls in her handbag, and hides them in a carton of sugar. The thieves return for the gems, but fail to find them and depart. Irene and Bubbles are soon discovered by their friends who bring word that Mammo has disappeared. She is naturally suspected of complicity in the attempted robbery.

Imp takes a fancy to the farmhouse and longs to own it. Her stepmother buys it for her, in gratitude for her care of Bubbles, and the girl decides to earn the money to renovate it. With the help of her friends, Bunny and 'Gustus, she cleans up the place and, later, trades the stone from an outbuilding for labor in painting and papering. Her family and friends give her house-warming presents, but there are no beds and bureaus. The problem is solved by a sister and brother—Mattie and Joe Medloss—who rent the house temporarily, bringing some upstairs furniture. They fix up two rooms for Irene, and she spends much time with them when she is home from school, week-ends.

Mattie is an excellent cook, and, quite by chance, she finds herself running a tea room in the old house. Imp is greatly interested and makes some excellent suggestions which result in success. Unbeknown to her family, she often helps Mattie out as waitress during week-ends, and Bunny acts as head waiter.

## PART SEVEN

THE winter fell into a busy routine. The weather changed abruptly, and the first fall of snow powdered everything on the day when Aunt Ida, Imp, and Bubbles waved good-by from the chilly pier to Jerry and Christina, who were off to Europe on one of their frequent trips. Though they didn't confess it, and perhaps didn't realize it, no one of these three who remained at home was really regretful. Aunt Ida, because she felt a little easier, always, when Hartslea settled down to its old pace; Bubbles, because he was always a little up-in-the-air and irritable between his stepfather's spoiling and Aunt Ida's stricter justice; Imp, because she was now free to throw herself into her new interest with no fear of upsets and explosions.

As Aunt Ida had prophesied, Irene's home week-ends became less regular after Christmas and, when she did come, her time was mostly spent at The House by the Road. What



"LOOK," IMP WHISPERED. "AND KEEP QUIET"

*Imp has a shock when she learns who has arrived at The House by the Road and hears the solution to the mystery of Christy's pearls*

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

she did there, her aunt neither knew nor asked; she was satisfied about the dependability of the Medloss pair, and she did not share Christina's regret that Imp had so little interest in the dances and bridge parties of the younger set in New York. Aunt Ida was convinced that Irene's preference for young people of a different sort was a real part of her character, and likely to grow with her growth.

But Miss Hartless was both surprised and amused at one of Jeremiah's brief typewritten notes—the first she received after the travelers sailed. "How are the Medloss boy and girl getting on?" Jerry Hartless wrote. "If the winter's too much for them, I wouldn't mind helping out a little, till spring. Call it a loan, if they prefer. I gave the manager at the Braeview a tip to send on any one that couldn't stand the Inn prices, and the girl might be able to manage a boarder or two. Use your own judgment. Better keep me out of it, maybe, and work it through Missy."

"What do you know!" Imp breathed when she had read the letter. "Aunty, that's simply swell!"

"It certainly makes things pleasanter for you, dear," Aunt Ida agreed, and Imp, conscious of her waitress week-ends and wondering just how much Aunt Ida suspected, blushed a little.

But Joe and Martha needed no help; the winter was far from proving "too much for them." The schoolgirls alone



filled the tea house on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, so that Theresa Riley was needed steadily on those days; and Sundays were whirlwinds of activity. Bunny's new signs at both ends of the road and the long continued *detour* had taught motorists that the old turnpike was by no means so bad as it looked. More and more guests of the Braeview found their way to the little tables, set now near the fireplace, where homemade biscuits and up-State honey, waffles and Grantsville syrup, and soft molasses cake warm from the oven, proved tempting.

A SNOWSHOE club filled the dining room every Sunday, and, without Bunny, they would have been hard put to it to make good, as Joe admitted. But Lord Robert, as Mr. Hartless loved to refer to him, never once failed them. Vacuum cleaners and the office of his uncle's friend might mortgage his week days, but twelve o'clock on Saturday saw him free—and Martha starched his white jacket every Monday with grateful thanks. More than once, Imp learned, he had dashed out to the country at five o'clock to help with a big mid-week dinner, returning to the vacuum cleaners by an unearthly train the next morning; and once the Imp had arranged, with much wirepulling at school, to do the same thing when Theresa had proved temperamental and unwilling to give up a church supper of her own!

A cold, wet January had given place to a cold, frozen February, and the Imp, vexed at having been obliged to miss two week-ends in succession because of engagements she could not dodge, dropped off this Saturday at a station, far from Hartslea but near the tea house, which they used in bad weather. Joe usually met her in the old runabout as Bunny was too much occupied to be spared for chauffeur duty, and she was surprised, to-day, to see Lord Robert himself at the wheel.

"Hello! Not so busy to-day?" she greeted him.

"More so," he answered briefly. "But there's something I've got to talk over with you, Imp. I think we'll go over to the Braeview, if you don't mind."

"The Inn?" she said blankly. "For Pete's sake, why? Can't we talk it over at the house?"

"Better wait," he answered. "Something's turned up, and we thought I'd better tell you about it—away from the house—that's all."

"But—but how can Mattie get along, if it's so busy, with two of us out? You could tell me while we—"

"No, I couldn't," he interrupted. "And Martha's got somebody else to help, anyway, a new girl. She's very good. Mrs. Green's on, to-day, too."

"A new girl? Who? From around here?"

"I'll tell you later. No, she's not from around here," he said, turning into the driveway of the Inn. "Oh, by the way, 'Gustus is meeting us here. He'll be in the small lounge, he said."

'Gustus had been working too hard at college to come down to New York all winter, and, beyond one interested visit shortly after the Medlosses' arrival and a sympathetic tea hour with Irene at the school when he had heartily endorsed her new career, he had been out of touch with events in The House by the Road.

On the latter occasion, Irene had asked his opinion about accepting Mattie's offer of a percentage of the earnings of the tea room. She hoped he wouldn't feel as if she were taking the bread out of anybody's mouth this time, and she put her question with some trepidation.

"This is different," he had said judicially. "It's your property and your time—and your brains. You thought up

a lot of it, and nobody else could have jumped in and taken hold, the way you did. Quite legitimate, I'd say!"

The Imp had hugged these words to her heart. How fair 'Gustus was! He had his standards, but, if you could meet them, he gave you all the credit and never took the edge off by petty criticism.

"If 'Gustus says so, you can be sure it's fair," she had informed Bunny, who, for some reason, had refused any share in the week-end earnings.

"Don't worry, I'm keeping an account all right," he had reassured her. "I have something else in mind, that's all."



Now, led briskly into the great hotel by Bunny, Imp found herself sitting on a sofa in the small lounge, between him and 'Gustus.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded. "Perhaps *you'll* condescend to loosen up, 'Gustus, even if Bunny won't."

"Oh, I'll begin," said Bunny, lighting a cigarette. "It was like this. I turned up week before last, all set for a heavy day because Mattie had 'phoned me that that tiresome Theresa had fallen down on us again. Honestly, Imp, that girl's the limit!"

"So I've always said," Imp agreed. "Well?"

"Well, Mattie told me that a girl had turned up, a couple of days before, looking for a job at the dairy. There wasn't anything there, so Joe sent her down to the house. She was pretty well all in, it seems, and—well, she was hungry, Imp, and cold. Mattie fed her up and sort of talked to her—you know, the way girls do—and just then this Theresa bird sent word she couldn't make it, and a lot of teachers from Ledge Cliff were due for a special dinner! Mattie was tearing her hair, because Mrs. Green wasn't up to the dinner she'd



"I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, IMP," GUSTUS REMARKED CALMLY. "I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE A BIT MORE FAIR"

planned, and, of course, *she* can't come into the dining room."

"I should hope not!"

"No. So this girl said, why not let her help out? Mattie jumped at it, naturally, and the girl put on your togs and simply walked away with the job. Quick as lightning, Mattie said, and awfully nice to work with. She and Joe talked it over, and they decided to keep her on and get rid of Theresa."

"I don't see why you had to drag me over here to tell me that," Irene remarked.

"I'm coming to that," Bunny said. "Well, Joe met me and spilled all this, and it looked pretty good to me. Any-

thing to wash-up Theresa. We went to the house, and it was pretty late, you see, so I hustled into my white duck, grabbed the chowder, and dashed into the dining room. There were six people from over here and four more in a big Packard—and there she was, passing the pilot biscuit. I nearly fell into the chowder!"

"What do you mean?" Imp asked. "Why?"

"Because I knew her," Bunny said, glancing at 'Gustus, "right away. And she knew me."

"No! Who was it?"

"You know her, too," Bunny went on.

"She—she is a French girl."

"A French girl?" Irene said wonderingly. "Where did *you* know her?"

"In your house. At Hartslea," answered Bunny.

"My house? Hartslea?" she repeated, staring. "But nobody—the only—*what?* You don't mean—"

"Yes. It's Mammo," he said.

Imp turned quite white, then flushed deeply. "*Mammo!* Did you keep her? Have you got her? Is she in jail? Have you got the others, too? How wonderful!"

Bunny shook his head. "No," he said, "we haven't got the others. She doesn't know where they are. And she's not in jail."

"She got away, then! Bunny, how could you be so stupid? I wish I'd been there! She wouldn't have fooled me so easily, I'll bet. Did you telephone

Captain McBride? Or haven't you done *anything?*"

"She didn't fool anybody," Bunny said quietly, "and she hasn't got away at all. She's there still. But she wouldn't see you, she said, until we'd told you."

"Told me? Told me what?" Imp demanded. "What is there to tell me? We all know what she did, don't we? What's the matter with you?"

"That's just it," said Bunny. "What did she do?"

"What did she do?" Imp repeated. "*You're asking me what she did?* Why, she tried to steal Christy's pearls and pass them on to that Frenchman, and staged that silly stunt to get out of it later—that's what she did! And when it didn't work, she made a getaway. 'Gustus was there—he knows all about it. The police knew it—we all knew it!'"

"We all thought we knew it, Imp," said 'Gustus, opening his mouth for the first time, "but perhaps we were mistaken. I think we were, myself, if you want to know. You haven't heard Mammo's side of it."

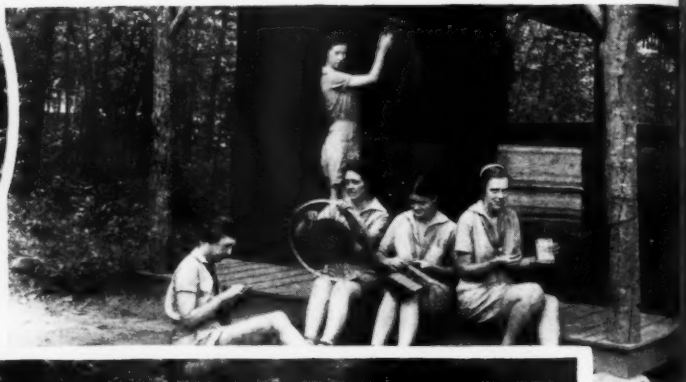
"I don't want to hear it," Imp cried angrily. "I think you're both crazy, if you ask me. And I shall call up Captain McBride, this minute, from here. And I'm going to have one of those watchmen he sent come straight over to the house now. If she's still there, that is," she added. (Continued on page 31)

# HAPPY HANDS



A  
Paul  
Parber  
Photograph

PRACTICERS OF PENCIL MAGIC. THEY MAY BE DRAWING AN OLD RED BARN SET AGAINST BRIGHT HILLS, OR PERHAPS A BOUQUET-LIKE ELM. WHATSOEVER THEIR SUBJECT, THEY ARE LEARNING TO USE THEIR EYES AND TO SEE SHADOW AND LINE AND LIGHT AS THEY GIVE CONTOUR AND DEPTH AND CHARACTER TO AN OBJECT



ABOVE AT THE GIFT  
OF WASHINGTON, D.  
TICE OLD HAN  
WEAVING A  
POCKETBOOK W



ABOVE AT THE T  
WHEN HURE  
ATING THE OF  
BEAUTY. SCOUT  
ANTONIO, SPE  
HOURS AT CR



THE NEW GAS POT-  
TERTY KILN AT CAMP  
REDWING, ALLEGHENY  
COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA IS A FREQUENTED  
SPOT BY SCOUTS WHO  
ARE TRYING THEIR  
SKILL AT MODELING  
VASES, BOWLS, TILES,  
AND OTHER OBJECTS  
FROM CLAY, AND FIRING  
THEM IN THIS  
ROOMY NEW KILN

AT LEFT: FEATHERING AN  
ARROW IS A TASK THAT RE-  
QUIRES PATIENCE AND DEX-  
TERITY. THIS YOUNG ARCH-  
ER IS DETERMINED TO DO A  
GOOD JOB, AS YOU CAN SEE  
BY THE SERIOUS EXPRESSION  
ON HER COUNTENANCE



BELOW: TURL  
TULSA, OKLA.  
SUN-DAPP OUT  
AS THEIR PERS  
AT THEIR PERS, C  
ING A TOP. FO  
THE OTHER VIN  
TY OUT ONE-



# INDS AT TASKS *of* SKILL



ABOVE AT: GIRL SCOUTS OF WASH., D. C., PRACTICE OLD HANDICRAFTS, WEAVING AND RUGS, POCKETBAND WIDE BELTS

ABOVE AT: TIME FLIES WHEN HERE BUSY CREATING THINGS OF USE AND BEAUTY. SCOUTS OF SAN ANTONIO, SPEND HAPPY HOURS AT CRAFT TABLE

BELOW: GIRL SCOUTS OF TULSA, OKLA., ENJOY THE SUN-DAPPLED-OF-DOORS AS THEIR HANDS ARE BUSY AT THEIR TASKS, ONE WEAVING A TOP, FOOT STOOL, THE OTHER WEAVING A SCOTCHY OUT ONE-PLY WOOD



CLAY MODELING IS A SATISFYING KIND OF HOBBY FOR THE GIRL SCOUT WITH AN EYE FOR FORM, AND SENSITIVE FINGERS. THESE TWO FINISHED FIGURES SHOW NATURALNESS, LIVELINESS, AND GRACE, THOUGH TO THEIR CREATORS THEY MAY FALL WIDE OF THEIR DREAMS

A RINGED AND WORM-EATEN STUMP OF AN OLD TREE IS UTILIZED AS A WORK TABLE BY THIS GIRL SCOUT WHO IS BUSILY CUTTING A DESIGN INTO A LINOLEUM BLOCK SO SHE MAY PRINT HER OWN CHRISTMAS CARDS



A SKETCHING LESSON AT CAMP CHAPARRAL, THE NATIONAL GIRL SCOUT CAMP IN CALIFORNIA. A PIECE OF CHARCOAL, DRAWING BOARD, AND PAPER ARE THE TOOLS THIS GIRL SCOUT USES TO CAPTURE THE LIKENESS OF A MAJESTIC TREE. HER TEACHER IS EXPLAINING SOME POINT ABOUT MEASURING PERSPECTIVE

*A Paul Parker Photograph*





KENOSHA, WISCONSIN. GIRL SCOUTS HAVE FUN COLLECTING AND STUDYING SPECIMENS FOR THEIR CAMP NATURE MUSEUM

#### A NATURE MUSEUM

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN: The nature corner at Pottawatomie Hills, near Elkhorn, Wisconsin, the camp of the Kenosha Girl Scouts, was often called the camp museum during the summer of 1936. It was the headquarters of the nature program in camp. To the museum, every day, came the campers with insect and rock finds which they wished to leave on display for others to see and enjoy.

There were giant water bugs, electric-light bugs, rhinoceros beetles, stag beetles, horseflies, walking sticks, bumblebees, wood borers, ground beetles, and Monarch caterpillars and chrysalises; a wasp nest with its various stages of development; Polyphemus, Luna, and Sphynx caterpillars eating upon their choice delicacies; and a fine collection of sixteen Cecropia, Luna, and Polyphemus moths which lived in the museum. The change from the caterpillar to the butterfly, or moth pupal stage, was watched with great interest by all.

In one corner was a triangular shelf, holding many of the finest fossils and rocks found around the camp site. The corals were well represented, as were the crinoids. Brachiopods, cephalopods, trilobites, and bryozoans held an important place, also. Granites, flints, bloodstones, agates, garnets, limestones, quartz, sandstone, shales, and gneiss could all be seen. On the wall there was a topographical map of our region.

Shellacked on a large plaque of wall board were the leaves of the trees, shrubs, and vines in camp. Girl Scouts very often used this as a key. Leaf sketches made by the campers were posted, from time to time, in the museum.

The Weather Bureau had its headquarters in the nature corner. Weather Bureau equipment consisted of an aneroid barometer, two bottle barometers, the weather handbook, flags, and charts. Forecasts were taken and reported twice daily. The campers looked forward to the weather prediction which was given at mealtime, following the weather song. All campers rejoiced when they saw the fair weather flag floating merrily in the breeze.

A fine nature library could be found on the shelves, and the books were constantly in use, especially at the table in the museum. (This table was made of an old barn door and five orange crates!)

Bird pictures and a list of birds seen around camp represented our feathered



THE PIONEER UNIT AT CAMP POTTAWATOMIE HILLS, WISCONSIN, BUILD A UNIQUE OUTDOOR DINING ROOM. AT TOP: TWO CAMPERS LAY STONES ON A LEVELED-OFF AREA FOR THE FLOOR. AT LOWER RIGHT: GIRLS FINISH AND WAX THE TABLES AND BENCHES THEY HAVE MADE. IN THE CENTER: THE COMPLETED DINING ROOM WITH OUTDOOR COOKING STOVE

friends. Nests abandoned by the nestlings were sometimes brought to the nature corner, and it was interesting to note the varied architecture in the bird world. Bird glasses could be borrowed from the museum at any time.

The common plants and weeds were placed in small vials and labeled. Spiders were kept in covered jars and watched for long periods of time. Small gophers and chipmunks could be seen from the museum most any time. There were maps of the constellations on the wall for reference.

Campers and staff alike enjoyed the aquarium which was the home of five very small turtles, several clams, some crawfish, and a variety of water insects. Different kinds of lake plants helped keep a balance between plants and animals in their watery home. Occasionally small minnows and bullheads swam about, hiding as much as possible from the inquisitive observers. The turtles became quite tame and they seemed to be looking for flies from all who stopped to observe them for a minute.

A camp museum can be greatly developed

and helps very much in creating an interest in nature.

*Mildred R. Turnbaugh,  
Nature Counselor*

#### AN OUTDOOR DINING ROOM

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN: The pioneers of Pottawatomie Hills, Wisconsin, have just completed a unique outdoor dining room. It took many an hour of labor, but the girls think it was worth the effort, not only because of its practical use but because building it has helped them to pass parts of their work for their Pioneer badges.

First the campers leveled off the area for the shelter, gathered, carried, and arranged rocks for the floor. Then they cemented the rocks together to form a flat surface.

They took several interesting trips deep into the woods to chop down trees to use as supporting beams for the roof. Next they turned carpenters and constructed two large

# CAMP TIDINGS *are good, both those bringing word*

*of interesting projects carried through, and those telling of typical day-camp activities*

tables—finishing and waxing them, and painting the legs a deep, attractive brown. Finally the girls chopped, hewed, and fitted logs together to make comfortable rustic benches.

This project was started the first of the season, and each group of campers completed some of it, as part of the unit pioneering program. They are looking forward to the many happy hours they will spend beneath the shelter of the roof in summers to come.

Mildred R. Turnbaugh

## CRAFT WORK AT CAMP

DES MOINES, IOWA: Some of the craft materials we used at camp were beads, yarn,

## A DAY AT CAMP MERCED

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: The Girl Scouts of San Francisco have a day camp called Camp Merced. They attend this camp on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, each week during the summer. The land is lent to the girls by the city of San Francisco and is on the western slope, overlooking Lake Merced. It is easily reached by street car or automobile as it is just within the southwest boundary of the city. Cypress, pine, and eucalyptus trees protect the camp from breezes coming off the Pacific Ocean which is only

formation, leaving the open end toward the fire. Four color guards assist in putting up the flag. After the ceremony, the day's activities begin. Units are formed and each is assigned its special duty for the morning.

Girls start in every direction. Following them, we find one unit gathering wood for the cooks as the preparation for the "hot dish" has begun; another unit is seen shoveling the ashes out of the fireplace into buckets, while others are carrying water in buckets to fill the large cans in which it is heated for washing dishes.

A gong sounds, calling us to lunch. We



FOOD, HURRAH! LUNCH TIME IS VERY GAY AT CAMP MERCED IN SAN FRANCISCO

TWO HAPPY CRAFTERS WITH BUSY HANDS AT A SCOUT CAMP IN DES MOINES, IOWA

about half a mile west of Camp Merced.

Three years ago, when the camp first started, some fathers of Girl Scouts went to the camp with hammers and nails and some lumber. They built two large lean-tos that are used for storing cooking utensils and other equipment.

As the activities of the San Francisco Girl Scouts are varied and most interesting, let us imagine that we are members of a troop which is planning to spend a typical day at Camp Merced.

It is nine o'clock when we Girl Scouts reach the trail gate at the entrance to the camp. The girls stationed there assure us that the sand is clean and it will not hurt to get a few grains of it in our shoes.

"Do you wish a five cent ticket for a hot dish?" they ask.

We have our own nose-bag lunches, but that word "Nu-chee-ta" looks interesting so we will try the "Camp Merced Special."

We stand in astonishment as we hear a gong and see girls coming from all directions, until we think just about all the girls in San Francisco must be here.

In the center of a large open space is a fire, and around it are logs to be used as seats. The girls are grouping in horseshoe

find that "Nu-chee-ta" is a delicious dish made of noodles, cheese, and tomatoes. Each girl washes her own dish.

During the afternoon, the girls work on requirements for ranks and badges. Colorful tables attract our attention. Going closer, we discover many different kinds of crafts. The girls are making headbands, lanyards, bracelets, and even purses out of colored strips of leather. Belts and napkin rings are made of colored waxed string, hot-dish mats of string and rope. Bracelets, book-ends, lanterns, desk sets, and many other articles are being made out of brass. We also see clay modeling, pine needle basketry, and classes in photography.

As we leave these tables, we inspect the lean-tos just finished by the pioneers-to-be. Walking toward the lake, we come upon the nature group—they have found some small ducks near the edge of the lake. Another group of girls, coming around the bend of the trail, seem to be talking to themselves. They stop and write something, then tell us they are making maps and have to count steps.

The gong sounds again, and all the girls start cleaning up the camp. The dramatic club has prepared a play, with costumes and scenery, so we are invited to be seated around the camp fire. We watch the play and, when it is over, refreshments await us.

The flag is now being lowered and we all sing taps. In a few moments the camp will be closed for the day, but more Girl Scouts will be back again to-morrow.

Jan Lynette Haynes, Scribe, Troop 4



leather, wood, metal, and plaster of Paris.

From the beads, we made bracelets, belts, and headbands; and from the leather, belts, wristbands, wrist purses, bookmarks, lanyards, and coin purses. Plaster of Paris and wood were both used for making plaques, while the yarn was used in weaving purses for which we made our own looms. The metal was used for bracelets and bookmarks. There were many other interesting, useful, and beautiful things which could be made, beside these, from all our craft materials.

Suzanne Wallace





## THE NUTCRACKER SUITE, VIII

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL

*For the caption that best reveals what this picture is about, we will give a book as prize. See page 43 for rules.*

# THE HOUSE *by* THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Wait a minute, Imp," 'Gustus said. "I don't blame you for going up in the air like this—I thought you would. But before you call up McBride, I want to tell you that I've already talked with him, and he's been out here to see Mammo."

"What!"

"And you needn't bother about the watchman for McBride has sent one," Bunny added. "He's staying at the house—with a police dog, for nights. Mammo couldn't get away if she wanted to, which she doesn't."

Imp sat down again, completely baffled. "It's like this," 'Gustus went on. "McBride is inclined to believe what Mammo has told us. Said he was satisfied to leave her here if Mattie was willing, and she was—"

"Mattie wouldn't let her go, for anything," Bunny interpolated. "She and Joe are really crazy about her."

"Crazy is the word, I should say," Imp told them acidly. "Wait till Dad and Christy know about this!"

Bunny sighed. "We wanted you to know about it first," he said. "McBride wants you to talk to Mammo."

"Me? I don't wish to see her," Imp declared, "and I'm sure Dad wouldn't want me to, what's more, I'm surprised at you, 'Gustus," she concluded pointedly. "Bunny never had much sense."

"And I'm surprised at you, Imp," 'Gustus remarked calmly. "I must say, I thought you'd be a little more fair."

"Fair? To a thief?"

"But she says she wasn't a thief," he said. "She put both the necklaces where they couldn't possibly be stolen."

"Then she's lying," said Imp shortly. "For she put the real pearls in my bag in that car, and she knows it. And Bubbles picked it up and gave it to me."

"She says she didn't," said 'Gustus. "She told us where she put them."

"Oh, indeed? Where?"

"In the old bird house. She wrapped the pearls in a handkerchief—and when she went to slip them into the bird house, she found your bag already in it, so she put the pearls into the bag. She was sure Bubbles would find it and give it to you. They always hid things there for each other, she says."

Irene's lips fell apart. She drew a short breath. In a flash of memory she saw Bubbles dragging away from her that day. She heard his plea, "I want to go to my post office, Imp—there might be a letter there." And she knew his trick of stuffing things into his pouching French blouses. "Here's your bag, Imp," he had said, when they sat in the car; and she had taken it for granted that he had found it there.

"Bubby did hide things in the old bird house," she admitted, "and I suppose he could have picked up my bag from the hall table, that day, and put it there. But, if Mammo knew about the thieves, why didn't she tell us, or call the police?"

"Wires cut," said 'Gustus. "She did try to 'phone, but there was nothing doing. That

was why that call came to the Dawsons' instead of to Hartslea."

"Why—why—" Irene began, but 'Gustus interrupted her.

"You'd better hear the whole story," he said. "Just after Mrs. Christy had 'phoned about her pearls, Big Henry came to see Mammo. She knew him, you know, before—but she had no idea what sort of a fellow he was. He told her the scheme, ordered her to get the pearls and bring them to the garage—threatening her, of course. So she pretended to agree to everything, and dashed to the 'phone to call the police. She was so excited, she said, when she found the wires had been cut, that she had only one idea—to put the pearls in a safe place and to make her own getaway while Big Henry and his part-

could, and just ran away. She was scared to death, Imp—she is, still. She's much too scared to be lying, the captain says."

"She wasn't too scared to come back to this locality," the Imp said, her jaw set like her father's. "How do you know she isn't expecting to meet those crooks here?"

"She came back here because she knew it was the one place they wouldn't come," said 'Gustus, "and the one place they'd never suppose she'd come to. The Frenchman's in jail, the captain says. She's not afraid of him any more. But they've never got the other—she says he called himself 'Smith.'"

Imp sat very still. One by one, the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle that was the attempted jewel robbery and the French girl's connection with it fell into place in her mind, leaving her wholeheartedly convinced of Mammo's innocence and terror. When at last she spoke, her voice had a new note.

"She risked her life to save Christy's pearls, 'Gustus," she said humbly. "She must have. That Henry would have killed her if he'd known."

"Sure thing," agreed 'Gustus. "She's been pretty fine, I think."

Neither of the boys, knowing Irene, was surprised at the quick dash she made for The House by the Road, or the warm handshake and honestly friendly greeting she gave the French girl. All her bitterness and suspicion changed instantly into pity and sympathy, and her only fear now was lest her father and Christy should not share her complete conviction of Mammo's innocence. But

'Gustus added his own account of the case to the long report prepared by Captain McBride, and Aunt Ida wrote a special letter to Mr. Hartslea, pointing out that Mammo's expert help was putting the tea house on a stronger basis than ever.

Not that the French girl had recovered from her fright; even the captain's welcome news, held back till he was certain of her story, did not completely reassure her. Henry Maeterlinck, he told them, had been successfully trapped; he had been engaged as a traveling chauffeur, as McBride had expected, and on the voyage to Europe he had been unable to resist the attempt to win over his employer's maid to steal an emerald bracelet for him. This woman, older than Mammo and well-used to America and its language, had allowed him to go on till his guilt was proved, then confronted him with the ship's detective who handed him over to the French police.

But Mammo could not shake off her fear of "Meestair Smeeth," the American accomplice of Big Henry. "He was wicked, that one," she said. "He told me, 'Look out, you, an' none of your *parley vous* tricks! I got a long memory!'"

To Imp's surprise, the captain kept his watchman and police dog at the tea house. "You can't tell," he said. "This Smith guy knows, of course, that Mamzelle didn't take the pearls; no doubt he's kept a line on Mrs.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL Quaint Shop Plan

*IF YOUR troop is one of the thousands of Girl Scout troops interested in raising funds for troop treasures, you'll want to know about the AMERICAN GIRL QUAIN'T SHOP PLAN.*

*You'll want to know why as much as \$25,000 will undoubtedly be raised in 1937, quickly and pleasantly, through the cooperative service of this Plan. Girl Scout troops raised over \$20,000 last year by this means. This year, the Plan has been materially improved by offering a larger value, while still requiring not a penny of expense on the part of troops using it.*

*In addition to raising funds, the AMERICAN GIRL QUAIN'T SHOP PLAN gives every Girl Scout her opportunity to earn a one-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL without charge. Over six thousand such subscriptions were earned last year!*

*We hope that this brief notice will reach interested Girl Scouts and their leaders, who might not otherwise be aroused to inquire about the Plan. Why not write today to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. saying, "Send me details about the AMERICAN GIRL QUAIN'T SHOP PLAN"?*

ner, whom she'd never seen before, were waiting for her in the garage. She found one string in Mrs. Christy's lace drawer. That was the one she brought to Aunt Ida. She was so scared she could hardly see, she says; and she thought she had the real pearls until she noticed the clasp as she was fastening them around Aunt Ida's neck. She knew there was no use telling your aunt about the thieves since the telephone was out of business, so she flew upstairs again, found the real pearls, and ran down to hide them in the bird house—that old willow is out of sight of the garage, you know. Then she went back to the house and threw some things into a suitcase, hoping to get away without Big Henry's seeing her. While she was doing that, she heard the car going out, and dashed to the window. Sure enough, it was Big Henry's car, though she didn't know, of course, that you and Bubbles were in it. The way she doped it out was that Big Henry had been frightened away, but she felt sure he'd be back!"

"That's all very well," Irene persisted, "but why did she run away then, if she didn't know that Frenchman and wasn't in with them—"

"She did know him," said 'Gustus. "She admitted that from the first. But she didn't realize what sort of a fellow he was till it was too late. He got her pretty well scared, you see, so she fixed things as well as she

Hartless, and seen her in 'em. Once those boys get an idea, they're apt to be obstinate, and he might turn up over here, just to have a look. He knows this house, he might think it a good place for a hide-out—until he's seen it as it is now. But don't tell Mamzelle I said so."

A LOVELY, early May gave the school a beautiful graduation month, full of traditional exercises, concerts, and final parties. Imp enjoyed all of these, though her heart was with the busy quartette in the country who were working overtime in a whirlwind of orders. Not only did the fair weather draw increasing numbers of motorists, but the Ledge Cliff School, itself hurrying towards Commencement, called for more and more farewell teas and luncheons, and Mr. Butts often popped in with selected friends for whom he commanded his favorite specialties.

In fact, it was Mr. Butts who suggested a new, ambitious, and fascinating scheme.

"I wish I could get good home cooking in the city," Mr. Butts had said. "If somebody with a knack like yours, Miss Mattie, would open up a quiet, neat little place downtown, I'd lunch there every day of my life. And plenty of my friends would, too, I can tell you. Like a club, you know. No frills, and everything comfortable and quiet, and somebody like young Bliss, here, to boss it. There'd be a good living in it for the right people."

"Yes, indeed, sir! And I believe I know the people who could swing it," Bunny had answered instantly, to Martha's amazement. "That's just the kind of thing we'd like to do, ourselves. But it would take a bit of capital to start. There's the hitch, you see."

"Hitch? No hitch at all," Mr. Butts said, surprised. "Where's the hitch, my boy? I'd put up a quarter—say a third, even. I guess I could find somebody for another quarter. 'Half begun is half done,' you know!"

And so the new project began to take shape. Bunny, of course, was the leader and organizer. His easy generalship of the situation in The House by the Road was admitted by everyone; Martha's belief in him was complete, and a scheme which would have scared her, alone, won all her confidence under his guidance and stimulating enthusiasm.

A careful survey of the territory around Mr. Butts's office had resulted in what an eager, determined searcher is likely to find—something very near what he wants! A small restaurant, tucked away in a strategic corner, had changed hands so many times that the proprietor was only too eager for a dependable, not-too-short lease. Mammo and Joe, Bunny said, with an old friend of Mammo's, would be able to carry on in the country; and he and Martha, with all the help Imp could give them, would be able to swing the New York end, especially if 'Gustus, who was now working in the New York Public Library, would be able to give them a hand at noon, as cashier and desk manager. Week-ends, the lunch club would frankly close—for the present, at least—and Mattie would rush back to the country to be queen of the kitchen again.

Mr. Butts's astonishing offer of solid financial backing had inspired Bunny with the bold idea of enlisting his uncle's help and proving to that irascible guardian that he had at last found the job of his heart, strange as it might seem.

He rumbled his blond hair thoughtfully. "And if your father really likes corned beef hash and steamed pudding, Imp, why wouldn't he come in with us—if we could

show him it's going to be good business? It'd help a lot if we had him among our backers."

"Oh, I don't know—you can't tell about Dad, Bunny," Imp replied doubtfully. "But I'll write him about it, of course. Not saying anything about my part of it, you know, but just telling him about the lunch club as a scheme of yours and the Medlosses'. He did say something to Aunt Ida, once, about helping Joe and Mattie."

THERE was one complication in all this. Bringing Mr. Hartless in as a possible backer made it necessary for Irene to tell the Medlosses about her home and the circumstances of her life. Her fear that a better knowledge of her affairs would upset Joe and Martha had proved groundless, however. Beyond surprising the brother and sister, it had made no difference whatever in their attitude. That she should want her independence and her chance to prove herself, and that she should prefer these to the dependent luxury of Hartslea seemed perfectly natural to them. They assured her that, even if Mr. Hartless should be opposed to backing the scheme, they would always welcome her partnership and would consider her brains and energy invaluable.

"Why, you started it, really, 'Rene!' Mattie said. "Where'd we have been without you? Of course, it would be a help if your father should go in with us," she went on, drawing her rucks out of the oven and tapping the brown shells scientifically, "only Joe says he'd rather take care of her all himself, without anybody's help."

"Take care of her?" echoed Irene.

"Didn't you know? They thought you did. Why, 'Rene, Joe's been crazy about Mammo from the minute he saw her. 'It's that girl or nobody for me, Mat,' he said, and I knew he meant it. It'll be wonderful to think they're here, taking care of everything, if—if I do go to New York, won't it?"

Imp gasped. "And does she—is she—"

"Crazy about him," Mattie nodded. "And why not? I should think you'd have seen, 'Rene. Bunny and I did, from the first!"

And 'Gustus—who had never noticed anything, he assured her gravely—was Imp's only companion in surprise, for Aunt Ida had suspected a romance between Joe and Mammo from the beginning.

"So now there'll be a wedding in The House by the Road," Miss Hartless said, smiling. "You've been responsible for a lot of things there, Imp dear, haven't you?"

Imp nodded, seriously. Older than she had been last autumn, not only by half a year but matured by her working and planning with this busy sister and brother, she had determined on a difficult decision.

Not on account of her should there be a failure in the plans of so many people. Her father's attitude when he came home was not too difficult to prophesy; generously though he had expressed himself to Aunt Ida in regard to the Medloss pair, he would never tolerate his daughter's partnership in this business, she knew. He might be amused at her landlordship of the tea house and unable to criticize her friendly interest, but direct co-operation in the daily work of the new enterprise he would never permit, she felt sure.

Well, she wasn't going to spoil it for them. "I won't make any row," she promised herself. "I'll run in when I can, next winter. I'll learn that bookkeeping stuff and whatever else I can—and just wait."

'Gustus, the only one to whom she confided this decision, approved of it cordially.

"You're dead right, Imp," he agreed, "and I'm awfully glad you see it like that. You can see how your father would feel, all right. And maybe if you keep out, he'll come in!"

But there was one factor in the situation Imp had not counted on—and that was the complete absorption of her father in his newborn son. Jeremiah Hartless, Jr., had arrived in London some weeks earlier, and his father's delight was inexpressible. Happy cables shot over the Atlantic, and Aunt Ida planned and re-planned her nurseries. The great event influenced Christy's decision to start Bubbles off to a good day-school in the autumn, and Jerry Hartless agreed, though, before, he would never hear of the idea.

"Yes, old Bubby's growing up," he said contentedly. "You and Ida'll have your hands full, I don't doubt. Well, Missy must help you out."

Christina smiled. "Imp's growing up, too, Jerry," she said gently. "And we mustn't forget it!"

WHEN Irene's graduation day arrived Mr. Hartless and Christina were smiling from their front-row seats, and Jerry, Jr. was smiling in his crib when she returned to Hartslea for the summer. Otherwise everything seemed the same, even her father's trip to Mexico almost immediately on his return—except for the fact that, this time, Christina did not accompany him. She and Aunt Ida were completely immersed in their new interests—which were the interests of J. A. M. Hartless, Jr.—and Imp's week-ends were more and more her own affair.

There had been no time for a thorough discussion of the lunch club scheme with her father. He had listened affably to a general history of the tea house, congratulated Bunny upon his successful management of it, inquired cordially as to the Medloss pair, and found time to shake hands with Mammo and wave away her tearful explanations—and was away to Mexico in a fortnight.

"I never saw such a change as there has been in young Bliss," Professor Hartless announced, on the occasion of his next visit to Hartslea. "He really shows his age now—I thought of him as a perpetual college boy. But he's a shrewd lad and a born manager."

"Butterfly Bobby? I used to call him," Christina laughed, "but 'Busy Bee Bobby,' it ought to be now. That girl has done wonders for him."

Imp, on her way to the car, looked puzzled. "That girl?" she repeated.

"Yes," Aunt Ida agreed, glancing in her direction, "Martha is a fine girl. Remarkable poise for her age, and such capacity for work. Her brother has it, too. There must be good blood, there, somewhere."

So they thought Mattie was at the bottom of the change in Bunny, did they? mused Irene. But who took him over to The House by the Road in the first place? Who told him what to do, all along?

When had Bunny begun to change—when he was obeying her, or when he was directing Mattie? Mattie's quick obedience and clever furtherance of all his schemes had seemed to double his powers; even Joe, who had rather shrugged at his tailored good looks, had ended by admiring and quoting him.

"Maybe I always bossed him too much," Imp thought, a little humiliated but brave enough to realize it. "Everybody seems to be changing 'round, sort of, nowadays!"

Mattie had changed, certainly, it occurred to her, now. The defiant girl in the mussy woolen skirt had disappeared, and a brisk,



willing lieutenant in trim, fresh gingham had taken her place. And Joe's quiet modeling of himself on Bunny's taste in dress was a sly joke among the girls.

How happy they were, together! What fun it was to work with them and see their chance experiment grow and grow, while they worked and planned and dreamed! And if she'd only "hold her horses," as Bunny so often urged her to do, and go back to school for a year of post-graduate work as her father wished, what could prevent her close and complete association with them later? After all, she was younger than they; the winter's experience had taught her this more thoroughly than any warnings of her elders could have done. Good as her suggestions had been, quick and effective as her help had always proved, the Imp realized, now, that the practical efficiency of Martha and Joe, and Bunny's greater knowledge of the world had been able to carry on, steadily and tirelessly, where she might easily have failed.

TO 'Gustus, the tea house owed a new source of income; he had proposed the use of an empty, darkish room leading from the kitchen to the woodshed as a chauffeurs' dining room, and this soon paid for itself, Mattie being able, usually, to slip in with the laden plates hot from the range, and Joe being always ready to bear a hand when he was available.

To-day Mattie asked Imp, who had just driven over from Hartslea, to keep an eye on the browning chicken pie and to dish-up the plate service for the "second table," as they called the chauffeurs' room. Irene obediently slipped on a pinafore and set to work, ready to hand the filled plates when they should be called for. A big, shining limousine had purred up, just after she had parked her own car, and its driver, undoubtedly, was now to be fed.

"Sorry, we don't serve liquor," Imp heard Mattie say, as she came back for the plates; and, a little later, she returned, calling for Joe in a vexed voice.

"Go and tackle that man, will you?" she said to her brother. "I've no time to argue with him. He's pretty fresh anyhow."

With half an ear, Imp caught a muttered conversation, then Joe's voice rose clearly.

"I'm sorry if you're not satisfied," he said, "but that's the way we operate here. We serve no drinks at all—never have. We couldn't anyway—we haven't a license."

More conversation followed. The stranger's voice seemed to Imp oddly familiar; her chin lifted suddenly as she remembered where and when she had heard those snarling tones before. Tiptoeing to the door, she peered through the wide crack of the hinge. There, in a trim, tailored uniform, his cap cocked on his neatly cut hair, sat the man who had pushed her into the car, in her own garage, that day at Hartslea.

"It is! It is!" she whispered to herself, and, hurrying into the living room which now held two tables for four, she beckoned to Mammo.

"Come here for a moment," she said, and, seizing Mammo's hand, she led her, finger on lip, to the crack in the door.

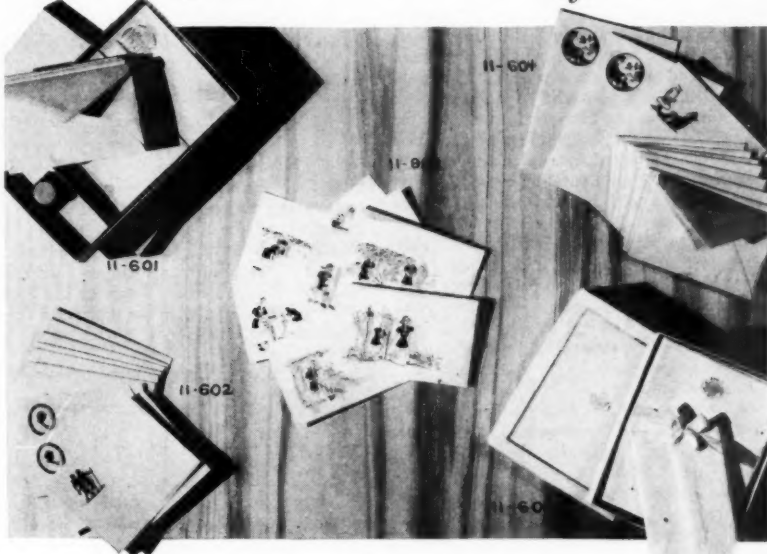
"Look!" she whispered. "And keep quiet!"

Mammo bent, stared—then sat down, all in a heap, on the floor.

"Eet is 'im—Meestair Smeeth!" she whispered back. "Oh, Mees Imp! Mees Imp! I must go!"

(To be concluded.)

## Vacation Time is Letter-Writing Time



### There's a Girl Scout Stationery for every need.

Have you time on your hands and lots to tell? Then it's the Girl Scout Stationery you want—twenty-four sheets of it! Either of the attractive illustrations, printed woodcut effect in deep green on the palm-green stock, will inspire the poorest letter-writer to unbelievable results. And the bottle of green "Quink" is very convenient.

11-601 ..... \$ .50

If inspiration is not burning too brightly, perhaps the Correspondence Cards are more to the point. These, too, are of pale green, with the two silhouettes printed in a deeper shade. There are eight of each illustration, and 16 envelopes in the cellophaned package.

11-602 ..... \$ .15

For times when there "just isn't a moment to spare"—Camp Post Cards will save the day. The humorous illustrations radiate the fun of camp life and will delight those "back home." And

much or little may be written—for the reverse side is divided for Message and Address, and the over-run goes on the front! Each set contains one of each of the eight illustrations.

11-962 ..... \$ .08

For special occasions and special people, letters written on the lovely white Personal Stationery will create quite an impression. The folded sheets are of club parchment, deckle-edged, and the trefoil is engraved in gold. Each attractive gift box contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes.

11-603 ..... \$ .75

Brownies like to write too—and have their own Brownie Stationery. The tan stock is decorated in deep brown, and all sixteen sheets (eight of each design) and sixteen envelopes are very modern in their wrapping of cellophane.

11-604 ..... \$ .25

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**  
14 West 49th Street

**National Equipment Service**  
New York, New York

# "THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS"

**A**RE you going to camp this summer? If so, what are you planning to do there? Swim, of course, and perhaps learn a new dive or two. It may so happen that you are going to do something in dramatics and singing—take part in a play or pageant, and learn some new songs. No doubt you are thinking you will be a better cook after this summer. Can you make "pioneer drumsticks" without losing them off the stick?

Are you, by any chance, planning to do a little nature? Would you like to become better acquainted with the animals and plants that live with you in your camp? Very well then, when you arrive, begin by looking around. That is the first thing to do. And remember this: to your one pair of eyes looking here and there, at least a half-dozen pairs of eyes will be looking at you, and several dozen pairs of antennae will be waving in your general direction!

If there are plenty of trees in your camp, see how many different ones you can find. If there is a little pond or swamp, you will know that you can have a fine time discovering who lives in it. Are there ferns here and there? Is there a wide open space, with no trees to interfere with looking at the stars? Are there beautiful scenes that would be fun to photograph? Are there many flowers in bloom? Are the birds singing? As you stand anywhere in your camp, do you see dozens of things you would like to know more about? If you should have such a leaning, let us think of a few things you might enjoy doing.



TRY TAKING A TURTLE'S PICTURE

If you have a camera, remember that things in nature make fine subjects. Excellent pictures can be taken with a simple little box camera. Try taking a turtle's picture, or that of a snake, or a frog. Find a tree that is fine to look at, a glimpse of lake or mountain, or a scene in camp that means much to you.



A TRACK

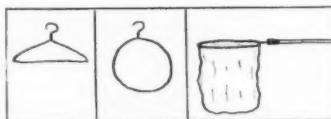
Have you ever made plaster casts of animal tracks? It is not always easy to find good tracks from which to make casts, but if you watch for a place that is frequented by a certain wild animal, or animals, and put out a tray of moistened sand, smoothed on the top, you will probably get good tracks. A piece of bare ground, raked and then gently smoothed and moistened, will sometimes give good results. Directions:—Find the track; sprinkle talcum powder (scented or unscented!) upon it; place around the track a collar of cardboard; mix plaster of Paris with water to the consistency of pancake batter; work fast; pour plaster inside of collar and let it harden. Pick up cast, let it dry for a few hours, brush off dirt—and you have it!

Hunting around a pond, or along a brook,

*If you don't want to miss any of these things at camp, read this eye-opening article by* **MARIE GAUDETTE**

*Nature Adviser, Girl Scouts, Inc.*

for the interesting creatures that live there is great fun. Take an empty mayonnaise jar, as large a one as you can find, put a wire or string around the top for a handle, and arm yourself with a large kitchen strainer, or a net you make out of a coat hanger—and there you are! Cheap enough! Some of the things you find can be kept in an aquarium for a while, and others you will want to let go



MOVING PICTURE OF A COAT HANGER BECOMING A FISH NET

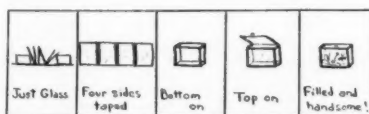
after you have gazed upon them to your heart's content.

Would you like to know how to make a net out of a coat hanger? This is the way it is done. Take a wire coat hanger and spread the wire (as in the picture) until it is round. Take some fine cheese cloth, or a piece of old sheet, and sew it firmly around the edge with heavy thread. The hook of the coat hanger may be left as it is, or straightened out and lashed to the end of a stick.

What about making some bird houses to be put up at camp in the autumn so all will be ready for the birds when they get the nesting notion in the spring? If it is possible for some person, or some troop, living near the camp, to keep a feeding tray stocked for the birds in the winter, a few trays would be nice to have around. Then if you go to the camp in the winter, you are sure to see some birds. Whoever is going to do the feeding must do it regularly, of course, as it is not fair to feed the birds and then go back on them.

Do you have a bird bath? These are easy to make. Some people use a tree stump, right where it is, and put a wooden bowl on top. Perhaps you can think of other ways—something quite original.

Camp is a fine place to experiment with



SIX PIECES OF GLASS BECOME A TERRARIUM

large and miniature aquariums and terrariums. It is easy to make your own terrariums, as well as plant them. Tiny terrariums made with the glass sold in photographic supply stores as lantern slide covers are attractive. The glass is put together with adhesive tape. Take four pieces of glass of equal size and



PORTRAIT OF SOMEONE LOOKING AROUND

lay them on a flat surface separating each piece by a space the thickness of the glass. Fasten together with strips of adhesive tape. Next, fold the four joined pieces into a box shape and fasten the open side with tape. Now put on the bottom piece of glass and then the cover, fastening firmly to the sides with adhesive. On the front edge of the cover, put a tab of tape to raise it when you wish. Now you are ready to fill your terrarium. If it is a tiny one, put only a sprinkling of coarse sand in the bottom and from a half to one inch of good soil. Plant carefully, and do not crowd.

If there are quarries or gravel pits near the camp, you will enjoy a trip to them. It might be well to investigate the kinds of rocks and minerals to be found on your own camp site.

Sometimes the trees on the camp site need trimming. To take off dead branches is a fine way to help a tree to grow. There is a right and wrong way to do this. The right way is to saw off the dead branches close to the trees and then paint the scar with ordinary paint—brown or green are good colors.

Have you ever found a bird's nest? That is an experience all in itself! It takes patience and sharp eyes. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to see a bird build its nest, raise its young, and teach them to fly. What a story you could write about that!

Instead of making collections of insects,



ARCHITECT'S PLAN FOR INSECT APARTMENT

why not make insect cages and raise a few, or keep some in captivity long enough to become familiar with them and their ways? Insect cages are easy to make. Take the tops of two cans, such as baking powder cans, a piece of copper screening (fine), some plaster of Paris, and a twig. Proceed as follows—in one can top put the screen wire, bent to fit, and with the overlapping edges of the screening tied with fine wire, or with string, so there will be no openings through which your guests might inadvertently escape. Into the bottom pour a little plaster of Paris and, just as it begins to harden, place the twig and hold it in place for a few minutes until the plaster has hardened. This twig is to give the insects something to climb upon. Now use the other can top for a cover and there you are! You can put a little soil, moss, or grass, in the bottom to make it homelike.

Do you think of doing any other nature observing at night besides star gazing? Would you like to try some others? Here they are!

During the day locate several different kinds of trees, notice where different plants are blooming, get compass directions for wind and stars and setting sun. Now get your flash light in good working order and, when night comes, you will be ready to go prowling to see what you can see, hear what you can hear, and smell what you can smell! Remember that the sense of touch will be more acute in the dark. You may not be able to identify everything you see, or hear, but notice things anyway.

Here are a few suggestions: Are the flowers you meet open at night? Or closed? Or not noticeably either? Notice any night-flying insects around the flowers that are open. Do some of these flowers have a stronger scent at night?

How about frogs and toads—are any of them singing? Notice different songs and tones of songs. Are they singing in the water? Part way in the water? On the land?

How many different kinds of insects can you find abroad at night? Any beetles? Flies? Moths? Butterflies?

What are the spiders doing? Hunting? Catching things in their webs? Making new webs? Repairing the old?

Do you hear any birds singing? Can you find them?

How about the mammals? Any skunks around? Opossums? Foxes? Bats? Any of them making sounds?

Any snails walking around? What are they eating? What are the earthworms up to?

What stars do you see? Can you see the mountains on the moon? Perhaps the clouds obscure the moon, but if it were visible what would it be—a new moon? Full moon?

Can you tell the kind of tree you are under by the sound of the wind in the branches? There are those who say they can! Can you identify the bark by feeling of it? The leaves?

We could go on about such possibilities, but perhaps you would like to think up a few for yourself. Remember that when observing nature in the daytime, we depend mostly on our eyes and ears, but at night the eyes amount to very little unless aided by artificial light, and we must depend on our ears and noses—that's why it is fun!

If you do not happen to go to camp this summer, you can do most of the things we have suggested in this article at home, or on a short vacation. Not only can you do these, but there are hundreds of other nature enterprises that we would like to tell you about some day.

## SLOW ON THE UPTAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

of an upper reach of Horseshoe Lake. "Over there! At the edge of the water. Do you see? A lovely cream-colored doe!"

Sue stopped the car. "What do you suppose she's doing, wading around like that? Now she's eating something in the water."

"Why didn't we bring the camera?" Sally lamented. "Boneheads! Nobody'll believe that we've seen a real wild deer."

"The road map says there's a camp on ahead here somewhere," Sue said, unfolding the crackly sheet. "When we get there, let's drive in. It'd be kind of jolly to find somebody to speak to."

But the camp was untenanted save for its proprietor, a hospitable man in shirt sleeves. "You'll find the dam twenty miles on." He pointed with the stem of his pipe. "Fair road all the way. Yes'm, there's a lot o' wild critters. Deer an' bears. Some o' them bears been gettin' pretty fresh lately. Had to kill a couple of 'em last week."

"I hope we won't meet 100 fresh a bear," Sally screwed around to look through the back window, as the camp receded into distance and the forest swallowed them again.

"There's something ahead," Phyl exclaimed, as they rounded a curve. "Horses and a truck. What are they carrying? Oh, a boat! We aren't the only people in the world. I was beginning to think we were."

"Don't let's speak to them," Sue warned in a whisper, as the truck drew to one side to let them pass. "I don't like their looks."

Two rough fellows lounged on the seat in front and another man plodded along on foot, shouting a crude song. He eyed the girls insolently. Sue stepped on the gas and let the truck take the car's dust.

"Hope they don't join us at lunch at the dam," Sally suggested disquietingly.

"They won't. Not at that snail's pace. It's too far."

But after that the girls were all a little jumpy, though Phyl and matter-of-fact Sue would have indignantly denied such an ac-

cusation. They began to feel uncomfortably far from home as the car crunched on, mile after mile, between stretches of spruce and balsam, roofing twilight mysteries.

"I could eat a bear, I'm so hungry," Phyl said presently.

"Cheer up!" Sue cried. "I see a chimney back of that clump of birches. And a gas pump. It's the supply station we saw on the map. That means we're within two or three miles of lunch."

Their final destination, the great Valhalla Dam, proved an experience worth the hazards of its approach. With exclamations of wonder, the girls scrambled out of the car in the middle of the long bridge and, clasp- ing the railing, stared transfixed into the rocky chasm where a resistless force of water roared and foamed down the sluiceway.

There was no sign of human life. On the bridge, steel and concrete houses stood blind and locked. It seemed strange that so menacing a monster should be left unguarded.

"Follow the leader!" At the further end of the bridge Sally slipped through a slit in the railing above a narrow trail leading, beside the foaming torrent, into the gorge below. "I'm going down. I want to see it from the bottom."

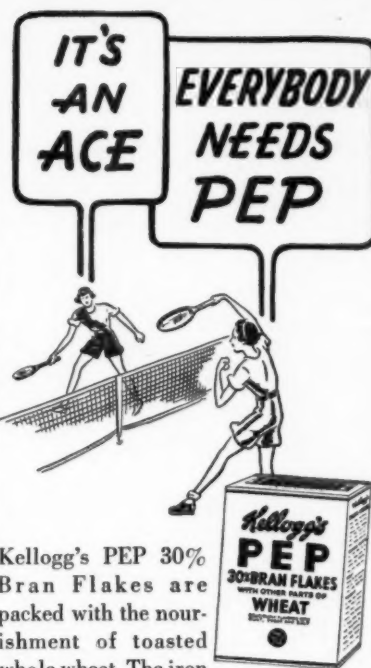
Phyl and Sue followed gingerly down the steep steps beside the sluiceway.

A half-hour later, they toiled up in single file, retracing their steps. "Let's drive the car across to this side, and eat lunch beyond the sluice where it's quiet and woodsy," Phyl suggested.

Sally pointed ahead. "Look at that pile of logs. That's the place to set out the lunch. It's a regular table."

Sue went back for the car, and when she slowed to a stop, Sally handed out the picnic boxes from the back seat.

Untying waxed-paper parcels beside the improvised table, Phyl waved away an offending wasp. "Get out of here, you! He's possessed to get into that turkey loaf." She turned to look up at Sue. "I'm so hungry, I'm dangerous!" (Continued on page 39)



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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### MYSTERY ON WINGS

On a day last June, a war hero died and was given full military honors. People, reading of his death in the newspapers, were saddened by the thought that he'd never spread his wings again. Because, you see, this particular hero happened to be a bird.

Mocker was his name. He was the last of the carrier pigeons that served with the American forces in France during the War. He had lost an eye through shrapnel fire



while delivering a message that saved many lives.

His death made people ask, once more, just what strange "sixth sense" it is that carrier pigeons possess. Unless they have such a sense, how explain the uncanny flights some of them have made? For example, a certain homing pigeon is said to have been carried—mainly in the hold of a ship—from Saigon in Indo-China, to Arras, France, a distance of about seven thousand, two hundred miles. Set free, he flew back home, we're told, in twenty-four days.

Such a flight is exceptional. But it's not unusual for homing pigeons to carry messages for seven or eight hundred miles.

One theory is that the pigeons "feel" electrical impulses, and thus get their bearings through sensitiveness to the earth's magnetic field. In support of this theory naturalists point out that whenever the birds are released near radio stations that are broadcasting, they invariably lose their sense of direction for a time.

It's a fascinating subject. Further research may shed new light on the conundrum of carrier pigeons.

### NEW TIMES, NEW CHANCES

"Young people to-day haven't the opportunities their parents and grandparents had. All lines are overcrowded. There's no longer a frontier, with good land waiting for them beyond."

That's the gist of much discouraged talk that's going the rounds. It's the sort of baseless pessimism that many an educator, many an employment expert, is doing his best to combat.

Harry Woodburn Chase, for example—he's Chancellor of New York University—has no

patience with such views. He points out that, though geographical frontiers have vanished, new business frontiers are constantly opening up. Old professions, such as law and medicine, are overcrowded, but new industries—air conditioning and aeronautics, among them—offer fresh chances.

He believes, too, that young skill and imagination can transform lines of work usually thought of as drab, uninspiring. Catering and restaurant-keeping, for example. Most restaurant and hotel food in this country is unappetizing, he says. There's a field all ready for girls!

Loire Brophy, an employment expert and author of a book called *If Women Must Work*, takes an equally cheerful view. She holds that whatever fields are closed to women to-day will be open to them to-morrow. A generation ago a woman doctor, a woman lawyer, a woman preacher, was a rarity. That's no longer true.

So, if anyone tells you there are no more chances to-day, you can take that statement with fingers crossed, tongue in cheek, and a great big grain of salt.

### NATURE'S OWN BULLET

The strength and speed of insects has often brought wondering comment. Bees, ants, and beetles, for example, are the world's greatest weight-pullers and weight-lifters for their size. But even their brilliant achievements grow pale beside the feats of an insect that caught public attention not long ago when two specimens of it were exhibited at the University of Rochester museum. This small marvel



is called the cephemyia. It is a fly, barely half an inch long, that looks very much like a streamlined honeybee. It lives in South America.

Cephemyias are miracles of speed. No one has ever had a good look at them in flight. They go so fast they're merely blurred streaks seen for a second against the sky. Scientists say they fly at about eight hundred miles an hour, usually at high altitudes. When we consider that the greatest speed yet attained by man is 440.6 miles an hour—a record achieved in a seaplane—we'll have to take our hats off to Mister Fly, and, make him a deep bow.

### ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Soviet Russia set the world wondering when a number of her scientists flew by plane to a point close to the North Pole and camped there on floating ice.

Then came the brilliant flight of three Russian airmen from Moscow to Vancouver, Washington, in the oddly named monoplane, the ANT 25. (The sketch shows Valeri Chekalov, the plane's pilot.)

People are apt to think of these feats as isolated exploits, but they're really part of a plan, long-cherished in Russia, to establish a sort of Arctic empire. Soviet Russia, of



course, has a much larger geographical stake in the Arctic than any other nation. Much more of her coast—the vast stretches of the Siberian shores—borders on the Arctic Ocean.

And now Soviet aviation experts have announced that they mean to build bigger, faster, and longer-range planes to fly on regular schedule between Moscow, New York, Chicago, and cities on our West coast. Such flights, they say, will be made along the new route across the Pole.

Their plan is less fantastic than it seems. If you wish to fly from Chicago, or San Francisco, to Moscow, Berlin, Paris, or London, your shortest route will lie, not over the Atlantic, but over the Arctic.

A generation ago, anyone talking seriously about the Arctic as a route for regular intercontinental travel would have been laughed at. Those were the days when a gallant American, Admiral Robert E. Peary, was making attempts to reach the North Pole—and failing. The Pole lies in the midst of a great ice-covered sea, a region hostile to those who try to cross it by ship, or dog team. The ice pack is always in motion. Driven by winds and currents, it drifts, splits treacherously.

In 1909 Peary made a final push toward the Pole, traveling on foot with dogs, sledges, and five companions. This time he reached his destination. The Pole had been conquered, but the Arctic still defied explorers, still barred them out.

It was only after men perfected long-range planes that Arctic travel changed from slow, bitter grinds to speedy, spectacular dashes.

## HOW FAST CAN YOU READ?

We think of the United States as at least a reasonably well-educated nation. But a distinguishing mark of educated people is the ability to read with ease, and, surprisingly, only half of America's adult population can do that. This, according to the findings of a survey conducted by Columbia, the University of Chicago, and the American Library Association.

Moreover, Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, tells us that only about fifty per cent of young Americans between the ages of sixteen and twenty can read with enough efficiency to gain an education from books.

Of course, mere speed in reading is not enough: we must be able to understand what we read. An average pupil in the sixth grade, it appears, is able to read two hundred and sixteen words a minute; one in the seventh grade, two hundred and thirty; one in high school, two hundred and sixty to three hundred; one in college, three hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty.

In general, it seems, America is a nation of sixth-graders in reading-speed and comprehension.

How can we do better as readers? Dr. Stella S. Center, director of a reading-clinic at New York University, gives us some advice. First, we must choose material that interests us, since our object in reading is to gain ideas. Then we must resolve to increase our speed and practice industriously, checking up often to see if we've understood what we read.

It's important to bring enthusiasm to such work. A bored reader's a slow reader.

## APE ORATORS

It's long been known that many animals "talk" after a fashion. This is particularly true of anthropoid apes. In an effort to learn new things about apes' "language" and habits, a field party from Harvard University, Johns Hopkins, and Bard College is now making studies in far-off Siam, Borneo, and Sumatra. The gibbons—smallest of the great apes—have come in for special attention.

Their language has been recorded so perfectly that when the records were put on a phonograph and played so the animals could hear their own voices, the gibbons answered at once, with the greatest enthusiasm. Such studies have proved that they speak to each



other in a fairly large vocabulary of expressive sounds.

As for those most intelligent of all beasts, chimpanzees, we're told they're great and gifted talkers. Reuben Castang, an authority on chimps, has listed some of their "words" in his book, *Wild Animal Man*. Here are a few:

Anger: *Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh!* Don't do that: *Uh, uh, uh*—a warning note. Give me: *Bzzz, bz*—an insistent noise made with the lips. Danger: *Oo, oo, oo*. Try those on the next chimp you meet!



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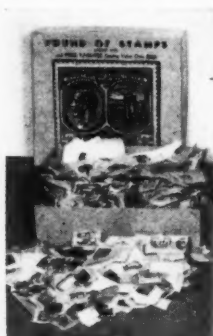
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OSMA PALMER COUCH, *an authority on camp basketry, tells her readers how to make*

# A CAMP SOAP BASKET

IT IS such a surprise to arrive at camp the first time and find ourselves quite unprepared for out-of-door conditions. It is then that the traditions of the camp and our own resourcefulness must come into play, and we experience new thrills in putting two and two together and often in making something out of nothing.

Here is a useful idea—an oval basket made of fine vines, or pliant twigs, which is convenient to hold soap and nailbrush. The year that we first used this idea at our camp, every one was heaving sighs of relief over the clean soap, free from the customary gravel and grits that every cake acquires once it is dropped on the path or tent floor. Hang the basket on a rack improvised from a branch that has forked twigs, either a real branch or one that you choose to acquire. Your toothbrush and washcloth may be hung on other little projecting twig-hooks, and you will find that everything will dry out beautifully and get sterilized in the sunshine. The little soap basket swings in the wind and acts as a drain for the soapy water around the cake of soap and the brush.

### PREPARATION OF MATERIAL

Gather some willow, birch, or poplar twigs 3/16 inch wide for spokes; and other twigs 1/16 to 1/8 inch wide for weaving around the spokes. Soak the twigs one day in the pool. If you want a white basket, peel the bark away; otherwise it will have a brown woody look with the soft colored bark left on. The same basket may be made of reeds of the size given.

#### Base—

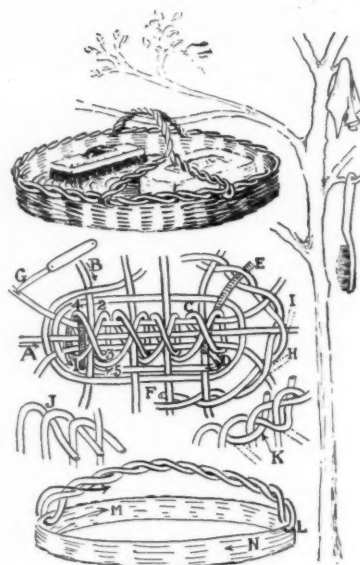
Cut three or four spokes, A, 15 inches long; lay them parallel. Cut four or five shorter spokes, B, to cross these. Cross first spoke, B, 6 inches from long ends. Insert a flexible weaver, shaded, beside first short spoke, B; bend it up and over long spokes to starting point at 1. Cross up over the spokes, as from 1 to 2; in back of the spokes, 2 to 3; up and over, 3 to 4; and diagonally under spokes, 4 to 5. From 5, which corresponds to point 1, cross over to the next spoke, 3/4 inch distant, and follow points corresponding to 2, 3, 4, and 5. Follow same course at each cross spoke. At last spoke, C, pass under the long spokes, bringing weaver out at D; then weave clockwise over and under the spokes, inserting an extra spoke, E, to make an uneven number. Weave until oval base measures about 6 inches long and 4 inches wide.

#### Sides—

To make spokes turn upward, slit each one with a knife, as at G. For row at edge of base, insert an extra weaver, F, and twist the two weavers around each spoke, always twisting the left one over the right, i.e., H over I, etc. This is called Pairing Weave. Weave sides upward for five or six rows, or about 3/4 inch. Pull spokes in tightly as you weave, to make sides of basket come at right angles with base.

#### Border—

Soak spokes until pliable. Bend each one in back of that at its right, as at J. Next time around, insert each end under the end



at its right, as at K, and to inside of basket.

#### Handle—

Measure a flexible rod three times as long as the arch desired. Loop it around two reeds of the border, as at L, pulling through one-third of the rod. Twist the shorter length around the longer, to opposite side of basket. Now fasten the short end in the border, as at M. Loop the end of the longer rod around two reeds of the border, as you did at the beginning, and twist the rod back over the first two rods to the opposite side. Fasten the end into the weaving of basket, as at N.

For a double handle, shown in sketch of finished basket, measure two flexible rods three times as long as the arch desired. Loop each around border 1 1/2 inches apart, pulling each rod through one-third its length, as for the single handle. Twist the shorter piece of each rod back around the longer section for a distance of 1 inch; then twist the four sections together as you carry them over to the opposite side. Separate the rods into pairs again 1 inch above border; then twist each pair separately, as you did at the beginning, down to the border, and fasten the short ends into weaving of border, 1 1/2 inches apart. Now take each of the long remaining rods, and twist it around its previous pair for a distance of 1 inch; then join the two rods again, and let them follow around the handle, back to the first side. Separate them again 1 inch above the border, and twist each one around its pair down to the border. Fasten ends in weaving in the same way as at N.

### FINISHING BASKET

If you have any quick-drying shellac at camp, it would make your basket more durable to give it one coat.



## SLOW ON THE UPTAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Are you telling us?" Sue laughed. "I think I'd better pull the car over to the side," she added, her foot on the starter.

A long moment passed and another, but the car remained where it was, in the middle of the road.

"What's the matter?" asked Sally. "Can't you get it started?"

As she spoke, Sue pushed open the door. Her face was serious. "I hate to tell you, but the starter seems to have jammed again, like it did for Aunt Marcia on the way up."

"But that time we had to have a lot of help!" Phyl cried in dismay. "What are we going to do? There isn't a garage for fifty miles!"

"Camp here till somebody comes along, I suppose," Sue glanced around her. "But first let's give it a good shake. Maybe that'll start it."

Phyl and Sally seized the car and shook it until the windows rattled, while Sue sat hopefully at the wheel. Nothing doing.

"Let's lock it and walk back to the supply station," suggested Sally at last.

"We can't lock it," Sue retorted. "Don't you remember that front window's stuck down in the socket and we can't grind it up to close it? Aunt Marcia says something's broken. She was going to have it fixed tomorrow. I'll have to wait here with the car while you girls walk back for help."

But Sally climbed in. "I'm not going to walk back," she declared, "unless all three of us go. We might meet those awful creatures with the boat."

"All right," Sue agreed. "Then you stay, and Phyl and I'll walk back."

"I'm not going to stay here by myself," Sally lifted her eyes to the shadowy spruces overhanging both sides of the deep, ochre-colored cut that sheltered the road. At the edges their exposed roots clutched like knotted hands. "This is just the place for bears. A person might be eaten alive! And that man said the bears around here were getting too fresh!"

"I'll go alone," Phyl offered quietly. And Sue nodded. There was nothing else to do.

Hurrying back along the sandy road through the forest, Phyl strained uneasy ears and eyes into the dim-lit, undertree labyrinth beside her on either hand. The way had been desolate enough, certainly, in the car with two jolly companions, but now, alone and afoot, she felt as if she were the only human creature in the world. Every mossy stump was a menace. Suppose it should rise up! She wished the man at the camp had kept his bear stories to himself.

Once her heart stood still in sudden terror. There was a furious crash in the underbrush and a terrified stag, antlered head thrown back to his shoulders, leaped across her path and away into the sheltering wood on the other side.

"Something must have been chasing him—what, I wonder!" Phyl muttered to herself when she had stopped trembling. "Where is the supply station? These are longest miles I ever walked."

But at the turn of the next curve came relief. She saw that something—a vehicle—was coming. "Not the men with the boat," she assured herself hastily, as a battered light motor truck took shape, careening rapidly toward her. It lurched from side to side as though empty, and she could see that

the driver, its solitary occupant, was wearing a familiar red-and-black mackinaw. Even supposing Sally's rhyme had hurt the young lumberman's feelings and made him angry, Phyl had never been so glad to see anyone in her life.

The truck rattled up and, before she could raise a signalling hand, came to a noisy stop. With the engine still running, the young lumberman hailed her. "Hello!" His voice was brusque but friendly. "Anything the matter?"

"Yes, there is," Phyl explained. "Up at the dam. We can't get the car started. There are just three of us girls. Would you help us—if you're going that far?"

"Sure. Jump in." He indicated the other half of the seat. "My name's Rufus Hackett, but everybody calls me Rufe," he said, giving Phyl an efficient hand up.

"And my name's Phyllis Merriam, but everybody calls me Phyl." They smiled at each other, and Rufe started the car.

"What do you do all day, up here in the woods?" Phyl asked, after a silence.

"Work. I'm a lumberjack."

"Not a real one?"

"Yes. That is, for the summer. Of course, I'm going back to college in the fall."

"Do you like it? Lumbering, I mean?" Rufe hesitated. "I like the out-of-doors and I need the money. My dad's been pretty hard hit financially and I'm trying to help myself through college next year. But I'm not saving as much as I ought." A frown settled between his eyes. "I pay too much at the hotel."

"I thought they had lumber camps," Phyl hazarded.

"They do. I bunked at the camp as long as I could stick it. The other fellows call me 'the dude.' I guess they think I can't take it. And I couldn't eat the chow, and that's a fact. They're a nice crowd of boys at the camp, too, only—pretty much in the rough."

"It must be hard work."

"It is. I'm plugged when I get back at night. Cross as a bear with a sore head." He looked sideways at his companion.

Phyl held her handkerchief by the corners, twisting it. "We were all sorry about that rhyme of Sally's," she said with an effort. "She had no right to do that."

Rufe received the apology with comforting derision. "Don't worry. It didn't do a thing to me. It was pretty cute, too!"

"Sally, was sort of—well, mad," Phyl explained.

"She had reason to be mad. It was rotten not to pick up her bracelet. I kicked myself afterward. But she got my goat. After that I didn't dare look over at your table for fear you'd give me what I jolly well deserved. Is she up at the dam?" he added. "What did you say her name is? Sally—what?"

"Sally Burke. Yes, she is. She and Sue Kingsley and I are having a picnic."

An interval of silence fell, in which the boy, with an inscrutable grin on his face, stared at the road ahead. Suddenly he burst out laughing, quite unaccountably.

"What's the joke?" Phyl inquired, puzzled.

"Nothing." He changed the subject. "Tell you the real low-down on my job. This summer I've gone nuts about trees. When I see one of those grand old fellows hit the ground,

I feel like a killer. When I get back to college I'm going to nose out a forestry course. You know, conservation and reforestation."

"You make me think of that lovely poem Joyce Kilmer wrote about a tree," Phyl ventured.

"You like poetry?" Rufe looked at her with a new interest. "Do you happen to know Sidney Lanier? Some of his stuff is ripping. *Sunrise* and *The Marshes of Glynn*. I'll lend you my copy after dinner tonight. Only last evening I was looking him over."

"When you wouldn't look over at us," they smiled at each other.

"Sometimes I write a verse or two myself," Rufe confessed.

"Do you? So do I! Only I never let anybody see them!"

At the dam, Sue and Sally sat together on the car's front seat. Sue's face registered relief at the advent of the truck and its promise of rescue, but Sally, after a glance at Phyl's companion, bolted out and over to the wood pile where, with her back to the others, she fussed with the lunch boxes.

"Come on over, Sally," Phyl called, as she presented the newcomer to Sue.

But Sally did not turn her head. "By-and-by. I'm busy."

Rufe opened the radiator hood and did mysterious things to the engine. Afterward, with Sue behind the wheel obeying his directions, he jumped with all his weight on the front bumper and rocked up and down. This proving futile, he stepped off and by main strength shook the car violently from side to side.

Sue stood this as long as she could. Then, with paling face at the window, she implored him to stop. "Let up for a minute! You're making me seasick!"

Rufe pushed the car up a little rise in the road. As it coasted down, there came a cry of triumph from Sue at the wheel. For the starter suddenly clicked.

"Good for you, Rufe!" cried Phyl, and Sue stepped out, beaming.

Stooping, the boy scrubbed the black grease off his fingers on the roadside grass and completed the job with his handkerchief.

"Of course you're going to stay to lunch with us," Sue invited cordially.

"Sorry, I can't. I've wasted enough time on you girls now, to put me in dutch with the boss!" But a lift at the corner of Rufe's lips belied the ungracious words.

At that point, Sally strolled nonchalantly forward and Phyl presented their rescuer.

The young man acknowledged the introduction briefly. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he addressed Sally in rhyme. Phyl, delighted, realized that he must have composed it in the truck when she told him Sally was at the dam.

Said Rufus:

"There was once a young woman named Burke

"Whom a lumberman's jacket did irk,

"But I'll say she was glad,

"When her auto went bad,

"That's its owner could do some rough work!"

What was it Sally had said—"he comes from Philadelphia—perhaps that's why he's so slow on the uptake?" Phyl grinned. "Slow" was not the word she would have applied to Rufus Hackett's uptake.

# ISLAND OF MANY COLORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the walls. Many of them have carved coats of arms and heraldry of noble families. Some of the inscriptions are undecipherable; others give hints of tragedies and broken romances. Many deaths occurred because of yellow fever, that terrible scourge of the tropics which modern science has since conquered.

One of the most pathetic of the epitaphs was that of a young girl, daughter of a knight, who died at the age of eighteen. The quaint, queerly spelled verse on the gray stone slab runs thus:

*"That Death might pleasant bee,  
"To live learn'd I.  
"That Life might worthy bee,  
"I learn'd to dye."*

The best and most interesting way to see the island, is to make a leisurely trip by automobile along the coast around to Port Antonio, then continue the circuit up through the mountains, and down into Kingston again.

Such is the variety of scenery and so many are the places with fascinating histories, that it is hard to realize Jamaica is actually smaller than the State of Connecticut. You pass by torrential waterfalls and roaring rivers; you thread your way through dense cañons of giant ferns where the sunlight is blotted out by the shade of towering tropical trees. There are orchids growing wild, liana vines hanging like long green serpents. Even the huts of the black natives are picturesque—palm thatched, shaded by banana plants, and trimmed with wild crotons or scarlet hibiscus.

You drive past mile upon mile of banana "farms." You see the Negroes cutting down the plants and carrying the great green bunches on their heads to waiting wagons.

The banana industry is at its best in the coastal region where the air is hot and humid. It is an industry of steadily increasing importance, and it does not seem possible that, less than a hundred years ago, the familiar golden fruit was known only by hearsay in the United States.

MY father was on the Mississippi steamboat that brought the first cargo of bananas from New Orleans to the North. They were sold for a dollar apiece! The fruit ripens so quickly that, for many years, transportation by boat was impossible. Now, with refrigerated ships, the bunches, or "stems" as they are called, can be sent and received in perfect condition.

The tall, graceful banana plants are so much a part of tropical scenery and so much a part of the West Indies, that it is difficult to realize they were not always there. But they were brought to the islands in the early fifteen hundreds by the monks and priests who followed in the wake of the Spanish conquest. Originally from Africa, they were transplanted without mishap in the West Indian islands. They multiplied quickly; and, in 1593, when Sir Francis Drake came a-pirating through the Spanish Main, he thought the fruit had always grown wild there. He described it with gusto in a letter to the Virgin Queen: "When it waxeth ripe, the meat which filleth the rind of the cod becometh yellow, and is exceedingly sweet and pleasant."

In the higher altitudes, one drives for miles and miles through mountains whose slopes are covered with coco palms. In the valleys, long-horned Indian cattle browse on the rich pasturage, and along the roads you encounter groups of East Indian coolies in picturesque turbans and loin cloths. The wom-

en walk erect and gracefully, barefooted, each with her head covered with a fold of the voluminous skirt called the *sari*. On their arms are silver bracelets, and now and then one sees a silver ornament worn in the nostril.

It is on the northeastern side that one comes into "Columbus country," so to speak. For it was here the great explorer had his first glimpse of the island that so astounded him with its lush beauty that he christened the bay in which he anchored, "Santa Gloria."

Here, as on the other islands, the native Indians were at first simple and trusting. He learned that they called their land "Xamayca," which meant in their tongue, "the place of springs." And here, as in the other places where he planted the red-and-yellow banner of Spain, the mistreated aborigines soon became sullen and vengeful, and were at last exterminated.

COLUMBUS paid dearly for the cruelties of the Spanish soldiers he left to hold the island while he went on to other discoveries. For a year later, returning to "Xamayca" from the newly founded colony of Hispaniola, now Haiti, he was forced to spend several miserable months in one of the small bays near the present town of Port Antonio. He careened his ships there, as they were leaking and badly in need of repairs.

By this time, the Arawak Indians were on the warpath. They killed every soldier or mariner who ventured back into the jungle in search of food. Scurvy attacked the crew and, in this smiling land of plenty, the Spaniards almost starved to death.

When help arrived tardily, Columbus was ill and embittered, but it was only a foretaste of the sad fate which awaited him in Spain. For after this voyage he went back to find Queen Isabella dead. King Ferdinand was unsympathetic. And so the Great Navigator himself died, friendless and in poverty.

Let us cross to Port Royal again, and allow our imaginations to carry us backward through the centuries into the rollicking, violent, picturesque seventeenth century when the Stuarts reigned in England, and here, in this far-off British outpost wrenched from Spain, reigned the ex-pirate, Sir Henry Morgan.

This remarkable man started life humbly enough and honestly enough as the son of a Welsh farmer. He indentured himself as a servant, as that was the custom in those times, to go to Barbados. And from there he drifted to the island of Jamaica, where the town of Port Royal had already become a gathering place for pirates and desperados of all kinds.

Morgan joined a buccaneer crew; and, in two or three marauding expeditions along the Spanish Main, he showed so much courage—though perhaps "ferocity" would be the better word—that, on a subsequent cruise, he was elected captain. Then commenced a career more lurid than any fiction writer would dare imagine. Morgan took fortified castles, sank Spanish galleons, invaded walled cities.

This "Captain" Henry Morgan was a man of not unpleasing features; his hair, of which he was inordinately vain, was blond and wavy, his eyes were blue and cold, his lips hard "as if carved from the blade of a cutlass." In his dress he was always the dandy. He loved lace frills at neck and cuffs, waistcoats of brocade, puffed knee breeches of satin, shoes with diamond studded buckles. Yet, in fighting, there was nothing of the dandy about him. He was a bloodthirsty, merciless fiend; he loved watch-

ing torture for its own sake; and his idea of a fine jest was to drive helpless monks and nuns before his rabble crew as a shield, for he knew the devout Spaniards would not fire against them. The crowning exploit of his life, in the year 1670, was the capture and sack of the fabulously rich city of Panama.

This "Golden Citadel," this proudest gem in the crown of Spain, was so strong and so well protected with troops that only a genius, or a madman, would have thought of attacking it. Yet in its very strength lay its greatest weakness, for no one dreamed that a rabble mob of English pirates would attempt such a colossal undertaking. Even when the Governor was warned by friendly Indians that Morgan, with almost a thousand buccaneers, was planning to cross the Isthmus through the dense jungle, the proud Spanish grandee scarcely deigned to give a shrug.

"It is impossible," he said. "Not a man of them will reach Panama alive." But the cold-eyed, steely-lipped Henry Morgan did not know the meaning of that word, "impossible."

For nine days his men cut their way, foot by foot, through the steaming, tropical jungle. They had underestimated the distance across the Isthmus, so their provisions gave out on the third day. From then on, they tightened their belts and endured hunger, thirst, the poisoned arrows of unseen Indians, and the savage bites of jungle insects. But always, they fought their way on. "To Panama!" was the slogan that sustained them. Their determination was worthy of a better cause.

ON the seventh day, they came to a small, deserted, native village. There was absolutely nothing edible in sight, but some crude leather bags had been thrown on the ground in the flight of the frightened natives. And on these dirty leathern pouches, the famished pirates fell like starving wolves. They fought for them, cut them into small pieces, and ate them! A Dutchman, Jan Esquemeling, who was with the expedition, describes it thus in his journal:

"Some persons who were never out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these Pyrates could eat, swallow, and digest those pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they once experiment what Hunger, or rather Famine, is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the Pyrates did. For these first took the Leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two Stones, and rub it, often dipping it in the water of the River to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the Hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And thus being Cooked, they cut it into small morsels and eat it, helping it down with frequent gulps of Water, which by good fortune they had near at Hand."

Is it any wonder that such men were invincible? The time came when even the haughty Spanish governor took notice of the "pyrates'" approach. And so he ordered that a savage herd of wild cattle should be driven by Indians out on the plains that surrounded the city of Panama. Behind them would go the Spanish cavalry. The governor said, however, that the soldiery would have nothing to do. The wild bulls would be enough to rout the remnants of the buccaneer army.

But the event was otherwise. The starved pirates shouted like madmen when they saw the cattle being driven towards them. Meat!

Fresh meat! They flung themselves on the bulls, slashing at them with their long cutlasses, and the fear-maddened cattle turned and stampeded! They charged back into the lines of the Spanish *caballeros*, making it impossible for the proud horsemen of Spain to attack the yelling pirate horde.

The Dons retreated in disorder, very like stampeding cattle themselves, back into the fortified city. Panic broke loose. The governor, with some mad idea of stopping the surge of wild-eyed English demons, ordered the arsenal of the great central tower to be blown up. Then the pirates, led by Captain Henry Morgan, crossed the stone bridge into the city. Torches were in their hands. They burned, pillaged, killed. They swept the terrified, shrieking populace before them. At the end of that awful day, they were masters of Panama, the golden. The only Spaniards who escaped were those who could pile pell-mell into boats and ships, and cast off from the doomed city. And for many days Morgan and his buccaneers rested there, gathering together the treasure from churches and wealthy homes, extorting huge ransoms from captured prisoners, torturing those who would not reveal where they had hidden their wealth, wallowing like animals in the luxury which had suddenly become theirs.

Mind you, England and Spain were not at war at this time. There was absolutely no justification for what Morgan did. And yet, after this exploit which was as terrific as it was infamous, King Charles the Second sent for the "Deare Captaine," touched him on the shoulder with his royal sword, and said, "Rise up, Sir Henry Morgan!"

That being done, he sent Morgan to Jamaica to rule as governor.

The king, of course, had a ready reason to give those who questioned the propriety of rewarding an out-and-out pirate who had attacked a peaceful city without provocation.

"If it taketh a rogue to catch another rogue," he said, "then now shall we have a pyrate who will catch all other pyrates, and so shall keep our dominions in the West Indies free from these wicked men who are the scourge of honest mariners and merchantmen."

The idea, of course, had some merit. Port Royal had become a town of seething lawlessness and violence. It was a stench in the nostrils of the decent gentry of the island, a *rendezvous* for all the outlaws and riff-raff of the Caribbean. And to such proportions had piracy grown that no merchant vessel was safe, not even if it flew the flag of England. So, who should know better how to deal with these sea wolves than the man who had been the king of them all? But, like many other good ideas, it did not work out in practice. For, although Sir Henry Morgan signed a manifesto sternly forbidding "acts of piracy on the high seas, or within jurisdiction of our realm," he worked in private what would now be called a "racket."

Pirates were safe, so long as they divided their ill-gotten gains with him. He even played them one against the other, and always to his own benefit.

Morgan died at last, a bloated, pasty-faced man who had lost the lean, pantherlike vigor of his youth. And the good citizens of Jamaica heaved a sigh of relief. Now, they felt sure, Port Royal would be cleansed of its long accumulated wickedness. And it was; but not by man. An earthquake and tidal wave swept the foul streets clean of their human rubbish. Part of the town was submerged. And later, a new governor forbade the rebuilding of what ruins were left.

# Would YOU like to win a PRIZE?

WOULD you like to have a brand new camera for your own? Or a leather-bound photograph album with your name lettered in gold on the cover? Or a handsome new book on the art of photography, illustrated with many fine examples?

You have as good a chance as anyone else to win one of the three big prizes in the **HAVING-FUN-WITH-A-CAMERA CONTEST**. Even if you shouldn't win the first, second, or third prize, you still would have a chance to win one of the ten Honorable Mentions and to receive a copy of a splendid little book which tells how to make good pictures.

If you are a Girl Scout, you may win the Special Girl Scout prize of five dollars worth of Girl Scout equipment—which you may select from the catalogue yourself.

*But you don't have to be a Girl Scout to compete for any of the other prizes.* The most important thing to remember is that the pictures you submit *must* have been taken by *yourself*, some time after the first of May when the contest opened, and before October first when the contest closes.

## Read all the rules carefully

Then load your camera and go on a picture hunt. You'll be surprised at the number of subjects you will find ready to hand when you start looking for them with the "seeing eye" that recognizes beauty in the familiar, everyday things around you.

Here are a couple of suggestions: If you haven't read Ernest Stock's article on how to have fun with your camera, get out your June issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and look it up. It will give you help in planning the composition of your pictures and will tell you something about how your camera works. Don't miss his article in the July issue, either. He tells you how to make prints from your own negatives—and you'll find making them lots of fun.

We are looking forward to seeing the pictures that you take during the summer. *Send them along as soon as they are developed and printed.* There is no limit on the number of pictures you may submit. Therefore, you may send us **NOW** the snapshots you think are good, and, later on, if you take others that seem better, you may send them along, too.



## RULES

1. Pictures may be submitted any time between May first and October first. Entries postmarked October first will be accepted. There is no limitation on the size or kind of the pictures submitted, but each must have been taken by the sender during the time the contest is running: in other words, no picture taken prior to May first may be submitted. More than one picture may be submitted by a contestant. Negatives are not acceptable. All pictures must be direct prints, printed from the negatives taken by the sender, but they need not be printed or developed by the sender. Winners must be prepared to furnish negatives of winning pictures.

### Entries cannot be acknowledged

2. Each print must be clearly marked with the name, address, and age of the sender, and with a single sentence explaining the picture. Paste a strip of paper to the back of lower edge of picture and write all information *in ink* on that.

3. Contestants submitting Girl Scout pictures must be Girl Scouts registered at National Headquarters, and must include—with their name, age, and address—their troop name or number, and the name of their captain. Please include, with all Girl Scout pictures, a sentence of explanation as described in Rule No. 2. Girl Scout contestants are free to submit other pictures as well as Girl Scout pictures.

4. Photographs will be judged on—  
1—attractiveness of composition  
2—quality of photography

5. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any contestant.

6. Prize winners will be announced in the issue of January, 1938.

7. All prints become the property of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and none will be returned to the contestants.

8. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* reserves the right to reproduce, in the pages of the magazine, any photographs submitted for this contest.



*The AMERICAN GIRL magazine  
will not assume responsibility for prints  
entered in this contest*

## The judges who will select the prize winners are:

MARGARET THOMSEN RAYMOND, author  
and camera enthusiast.

CHESTER MARSH, Arts and Crafts Adviser,  
Program Division, Girl Scouts, Inc.

KENNETH W. WILLIAMS, Editor of  
Eastman Kodak Company publications

ERNEST STOCK, artist whose hobby is  
photography



From the cataclysm there remained Fort Charles, which one may still visit. It is chiefly famous now because Horatio Nelson, in the year 1779, was stationed there. He was only a young man then, with most of his naval glory ahead of him. The stone parapet facing the sea is called "Nelson's quarter deck," for

it was there he paced to and fro, watching for the French fleet which was expected hourly to attack Port Royal.

These, then, are some of the colors of the pattern from the life and history of Jamaica. Not cool, or white, as you can see, but raw and primitive, violent and strong. An island

full of glamour, of romance, of fascination.

An eighteenth century poet described aptly the atmosphere of the place when he wrote, "*Oh, jewelled coffer of the West, that holds beneath its lid 'A scented earthly paradise, with the Serpent sweetly hid!'*"

## THE TRUMBULL SPUNK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Where's 'Liza Ann? I want to see 'Liza Ann Trumbull!" called a shrill, petulant voice, and a large, fussily-dressed woman came hurrying through the crowd, the feathers on her bonnet quivering with agitation.

"Humph! It's Mis' Merivale!" ejaculated Uncle Tucker, grinning. "Speak up, 'Liza Ann, or she'll have a conniption fit!"

'Liza Ann stepped forward shyly. "Here I am, Mrs. Merivale," she said. It was seldom the rich old woman condescended to notice her. What could she want of her now?

"I'm certainly glad I got here in time!" panted Mrs. Merivale. "I only learned this morning that you were going to Albany, and I want you to take this package to my sister, Mrs. Abner Stout. The address is inside. It's a diamond breastpin," she explained in a loud whisper. "I didn't dare send it by post."

Jonas Trumbull bit his lip with vexation. Hadn't the woman any sense? To give a young girl a package of such value, in plain view of all those strangers on the boat? It was thoughtless and foolhardy. But 'Liza Ann had already accepted the mission, and slipped the packet into her reticule.

"Have you got a good deep pocket where you can stow that thing away?" he asked as he piloted her on board. "If you keep it in your reticule, you'd better be careful not to drop it, or lay it down."

"No danger of that," returned 'Liza Ann. "It's never out of my hand."

Jonas kissed her and gave her a few last instructions; then he made his way back to the wharf.

All was bustle and excitement now as the packet prepared to start. Fresh horses had been hitched to the towline and were stamping to be off; the snubbing rope was untied; the captain took his place in the bow and lifted the bugle to his lips.

"Tah-rah-rah-rah!" The silvery notes resounded through the peaceful countryside and were thrown back by the hills. People cheered; the driver cracked his whip; the horses strained forward with a great clattering of hoofs—and they were off!

From the deck of the *Onondaga*, 'Liza Ann looked down at the upturned faces and waving handkerchiefs that seemed so far below. Grandma was weeping, and a mist rose to her own eyes. She took out a small cambric handkerchief, intending to wipe it away, but as the boat moved out into midstream and she realized that her two-hundred-mile journey had begun, she waved it vigorously instead.

The wharf and the well-loved faces vanished; so, presently, did the Bunker Hill Hotel and the warehouses along the bank where the winter's supplies were stored. Other familiar landmarks came into view and were left behind; then, after a little, everything was strange. Strange faces were about her; there was no one to whom she could turn for companionship. Suddenly she felt small and frightened and just a little homesick, alone on the vast reaches of the great Erie Canal.

"Is this your first trip on the Cnal?"

'Liza Ann turned to find a kindly-looking, white-haired old gentleman at her elbow.

"Yes, sir," she answered, glad to have some one to talk to, at last.

"Goin' far?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. All the way to Albany."

"To Albany!" he repeated. "Well, well! Got any friends aboard?"

'Liza Ann shook her head.

"Too bad there ain't some young folks for you to get acquainted with," he remarked.

"The cap'n's daughter's somewhere about. She's your age, I reckon. Wait here, an' I'll see if I can find her." He beamed at her through his gold eye-glasses benevolently.

"What a nice man!" mused 'Liza Ann when he was gone. "So friendly and polite!"

Indeed, the old gentleman seemed to be on the best of terms with everybody, for people greeted him jovially as he strolled along.

She smiled half-shyly at a woman sitting near her, and was overjoyed when the woman smiled in return. Things certainly began to look brighter. She had been foolish to be sad. Here it was only eleven o'clock—and she was nearly to Port Gibson and already making friends.

A moment later the old gentleman reappeared, accompanied by a small, dark-eyed girl with dimples and an engaging smile.

"Miss Dolly Higgins!" he announced with a bow and a wave of his arm. "The *Onondaga's* superior officer! Her father commands the boat, but Miss Dolly commands him!"

Miss Dolly blushed and dimpled. "Now, Deacon," she said, "you're making fun of me!" She regarded 'Liza Ann smilingly for a moment. "Didn't you get on at Palmyra?" she inquired. "I know some people who live there—the Bixbys. They visit next door to us in Rome."

"Oh, I know them well!" cried 'Liza Ann. "Honoraria's one of my dearest friends!"

"How small the world is!" observed Dolly.

The cling-clang of the dinner bell, wielded by the brawny arm of the cook, transformed this peaceful atmosphere into one of the wildest disorder. Conversation ceased abruptly, people bounded from their seats and raced pell-mell for the stairway which led to the deck below.

"Come!" cried Dolly and, seizing 'Liza Ann's arm, she fairly dragged her new friend along the deck. "We must hurry, if we want anything to eat. There's a bigger crowd than usual, and not any too much food. Here, grab a plate!" she continued when they reached the dining room, indicating stacks of heavy, ironstone china at one end of the long table, around which people were milling like ants round a jar of sweets.

'Liza Ann hung back, shocked and disgusted at the sight. A few moments before, these people had seemed like superior beings; now they were pushing and shoving each other in the rudest possible way, snatching at everything in sight. Fried steak, boiled potatoes, onions, turnips, pie, all disappeared as if by magic.

"You didn't get anything!" cried Dolly, aghast at the sight of her companion's empty plate. "Never mind, I'll give you half my steak," she offered generously. "Providing I can cut it, I mean. It's tough as cowhide."

'Liza Ann thanked her, but shook her head. The crowd, the clatter, and the confusion had destroyed her appetite.

"Is it always like this?" she asked faintly, glancing about at the unappetizing food and wondering how anybody could want it enough to fight for it.

"Three times a day," replied Dolly, sawing away at her steak. "Awful, isn't it? But you'll get used to it before you get to Albany. D'you see that man down at the other end of the table?" She indicated an important-looking individual in a purple coat and gaily-flowered vest. "He's one of the richest merchants in Buffalo, and Father had to reprimand him publicly for being such a pig."

'Liza Ann sighed and half-heartedly helped herself to a glass of milk.

"Try a piece of apple pie," advised Dolly. "It's one of the few things that's really fit to eat. You'll have to hurry if you want it. There's only one piece left."

Even as she spoke, a young woman opposite slid the piece neatly to her own plate.

"Shame on her! That's her third piece!" exclaimed Dolly, observing 'Liza Ann's disappointed look.

DINNER over, the girls returned to the deck and got out their sewing; Dolly, bright blocks for a patchwork quilt, and 'Liza Ann, her crewel work. Nearby sat the Deacon, a copy of the *Observer* open upon his lap, while the rest of the passengers either sat, or strolled about the deck, remarking upon the gorgeous autumn foliage and the beauty of the tranquil landscape as it unfolded before them.

An apple-checked woman who looked like a farmer's wife, paused to examine the girls' handiwork. "This your first trip on the Cnal?" she inquired.

'Liza Ann simply had to giggle. Couldn't anyone think of anything else to say?

"Look!" cried the woman suddenly, pointing to the brown ribbon of towpath that stretched away behind. "Here comes a man runnin'! Looks like he's aimin' to catch the boat."

"Poor soul!" Dropping her work, 'Liza Ann shaded her eyes with her hand against the glare of the sun. "Doesn't he know we won't stop till we get to Lyons? And it's not even in sight."

With surprising speed, the runner drew nearer and presently came abreast of them—a stocky, foreign-looking man in a faded blue coat, and buff trousers tucked into high boots. His swarthy face was beaded with perspiration and he was breathing heavily, but he shot a piercing look at them in passing, a look which seemed to take note of everything in sight.

"Halloo, ahead!" he shouted, and waved his carpet-bag. (Continued on page 45)

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## ARE you a bona fide Girl Scout this Anniversary Year?

• • • Be sure that your membership dues are paid and that your name is on record at National Headquarters—Girl Scouts, Inc. 14 West 49th St., New York, N. Y.



## Who Cracked the June Nut?

One hundred and twenty-four girls submitted captions for the sixth Nutcracker Suite drawing published in the June issue. The winning title, "We are Saved!" the Parrot Shouted," was sent by Jean E. Wohlsen of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Jean will receive a book as a prize.

## THE RULES FOR THE NUTCRACKER SUITE CAPTION CONTEST

For the caption that best reveals what the picture on page 30 is about, a prize of a new book will be awarded. Brevity will be a point in favor of any caption. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please print captions and include only your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the Caption Contest Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter this contest. Entries must be mailed by August twenty-fifth.

## Shopping Scout

BY ANNA COYLE

All trails lead to leisure-time fun right now. Instead of following a wooded path to camp, as many of you are doing, your Shopping Scout ascended almost to the stars in a towering skyscraper, in search of timely vacation hobbies for you this month!



### Fun and Art Meet

High up in Radio City, New York, is a school devoted entirely to handicrafts.

Anyone with an interest in creative art is offered a choice of thirty-one courses, including work in metal, wood, clay, yarns, leather, and many other materials. Interesting displays of finished work may be seen.

Most attractive is the display of synthetic amber accessories. This colorful, easily worked material is excellent for rings, bracelets, letter openers, and pendants. It may be shaped with small files, engraving tools, or carborundum pencils; it may be cut with jewelers' saws, or coping saws, into designs similar to carvings on precious jade. Best of all, it is an inexpensive handicraft.

Plastic marble offers another easy medium for self-expression to amateurs and professional craftsmen. Its great advantage is that it may be used without firing. The colors and patterns are formal, or gay, according to one's mood. A few suggested articles are plates, bowls, plaques, coasters, figures, and reliefs.

In addition to the courses in handicraft and the displays, materials for many types of handicraft are offered for sale.



### Win a Bead Craft Prize

Something new in contests is offered this month by a New York importer—a bead-work contest. Cash prizes for the finest exhibits of bead work, Indian bead craft, porcelain tile craft, and wood bead craft, are awaiting the lucky winners.

Here is an interesting vacation hobby that may bring you money as well as fun.



### Oil Silk Shower Hood

If you want to keep a particularly becoming hair wave, you'll love this oil silk, air-conditioned shower hood with its transparent visor and front ventilator. It comes in red, blue, green, or amber. You'll find it a wave saver, now, when your shower-count runs high. It is sold at a price to appeal.

Shopping List—Additional information about the items mentioned here will be sent to you upon request. Be sure to send a self-addressed envelope.

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#### THE TREE HOUSE

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO: I have started at least three letters to tell you how much I like THE AMERICAN GIRL only to decide that words can't describe what I think of this grand magazine.

When it comes, I try to reach it before my sister does. If I am successful, I take the magazine, plus a supply of cookies, to my favorite haunt—the tree house. If there is a Bushy and Lofty story, that is first on my list of "must reads," though the Phyl and Meg stories by Mary Avery Glen are always good, too.

As a rule, I don't enjoy articles as much as stories, but I long ago discovered that this magazine is an exception to that rule and I love the articles on etiquette by Beatrice Pierce. Although I haven't taken THE AMERICAN GIRL long enough to have read *The Heedless Haydens* or *Troubled Waters* mentioned in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, I'm sure no serial could equal *The House by the Road*.

Mary Ann Sage

#### A FINE POEM

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: I just started getting THE AMERICAN GIRL and I want to tell you how much I enjoy it. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade, but I adore reading.

In school we have an English Club of which I am president. It has twenty-five members and every Friday each member is supposed to do something. One Friday, just after I got my first AMERICAN GIRL, I memorized that grand poem, *Heavenly Washing Day*, by Dorothy M. Westfall and the children enjoyed it very much.

I wish you would print more stories about Byng and also more stories like *The Treasure of Castle Sonnenberg*. I love the illustrations.

Marjorie Lou Myers

#### AN ARTICLE ON LIBRARY WORK

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN: During the three years that I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL I have not written to express my opinion of the Girl Scout magazine, although I have thought of it many times. It seems to be better every time it comes, and when the June number arrived I just had to write. I have greatly enjoyed the articles by Emma-Lindsay Squier about those distant and glamorous places we all like to hear about. Those articles are unusually fascinating and instructive, and I hope they will continue. I have enjoyed all the articles that have been published—especially the etiquette and other

practical ones—but that doesn't mean that this magazine, from the story standpoint, isn't the best yet.

My special reason for writing this letter is to tell what I thought of the article by an AMERICAN GIRL illustrator, Harvé Stein. I am not interested in art, but I certainly did enjoy that article. I believe it brought the actual publication of the magazine nearer to its readers, as well as giving some tips to future illustrators among the subscribers.

Now that I have given THE AMERICAN GIRL some very well deserved praise, I want to make a suggestion for a future article or perhaps a series of articles. I am interested in library work as a vocation and I know that many other girls are similarly interested. For this reason I think that an article concerning the training requirements and possibilities, as well as the actual character of library work would be appreciated by AMERICAN GIRL readers.

Before I close I want to congratulate Jane Williams of Sayre, Pennsylvania, on her recipe for THE AMERICAN GIRL. It was clever and very true.

Katheryn Pino

#### TWO HOBBIES

CARROLLTON, MISSOURI: I received my first issue of AMERICAN GIRL in February and I can't tell you how delighted I was! Since I have been subscribing, my favorite story is *Scallions to You!* Let's have more stories by Charlotta Gilbert Hitchens and more illustrations by Alice Harvey, too!

My favorite article is *The Illustrator's Job* by Harvé Stein. The same day I read the article, I purchased a water color brush and a sketching book; and, since I read *How to Have Fun With a Camera* by Ernest Stock, I have become thoroughly interested in photography, too. So, you see, the June issue renewed my interest in two hobbies.

Viola Elizabeth Clark

#### PAGING EM DENEEN

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years and I read my cousin's issues even before that. The magazine is tops! In the June issue, I laughed myself hoarse over *Wherefore Art Thou Lofty?* It was a scream! The serial *The House by the Road* is swell, too, but I think *The Keeper of the Wolves* is the best serial I ever read in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Please let's have more of that type. It held me more than interested to the last chapter, and then I was sorry it was over.

The Phyl and Meg stories are fine, too. Those stories always have such clever plots. You just can't publish too many of them!

Every month when THE AMERICAN GIRL comes, I turn to Jean and Joan to see if an Em and Kip story is to appear in the next issue. Always I am disappointed. Where are they? Please don't discontinue them because THE AMERICAN GIRL isn't the same without them!

Anne M. Green

#### AN INTERESTING PERSON

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA: I have a confession to make—I didn't like *The House by the Road* at first, but now I'm simply eating it up. It's definitely one of the best serials in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Why? Because it's different!

I'm interested in art, so you can see I really appreciated *The Illustrator's Job*. I've begun collecting copy. I always study the Art Series and the front cover.

I almost shouted when I saw a Bushy and Lofty story in the June issue. *Wherefore Art Thou Lofty?* was swell.

When I open the magazine, the first thing I turn to is Jean and Joan. They keep me breathless and on my toes waiting for the next issue.

I always enjoy the Lucy Ellen stories, and I certainly enjoyed *Dear to My Heart*.

I'm crazy about Emma-Lindsay Squier's travel articles! When I read *Mystery Island* I felt twinges of excitement run up my spine. Miss Squier must be a most interesting person to meet.

Ann J. McDermott

#### EDITH'S TWO CENTS

YONKERS, NEW YORK: I read *A Penny For Your Thoughts* every month and I simply must put my two cents in and say what I think. I have taken this grand magazine for over two years and it's just too marvelous for words.

*Wherefore Art Thou Lofty?* is the best Bushy and Lofty story yet, but I always did get a kick out of that series. *Midge Pinch Hits for Cupid* was delectable and I adore Merle Reed's illustrations.

Of course, everybody agrees that *The House by the Road* is the best serial so far. I have always wanted a little house of my own to fix up, and I don't think Imp's father takes the right attitude at all. In fact, he makes me quite aggravated.

I like *How to Have Fun With a Camera* because my hobby is photography, too.

On the whole I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best all-round magazine there is.

Edith Mattison



# THE TRUMBULL SPUNK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

The driver obligingly reined in his horses, and the tow-line sank with a splash.

"He wants us to slow up," explained Dolly, "so he can reach the bridge that's just ahead. If he gets there first, he can jump down to the deck."

Would he make it? The distance was short, but the man was getting winded. People pressed forward to watch him, calling encouragingly; all but a few who had laid wagers against his winning.

Slowly, slowly, moved only by her own momentum, the boat drew nearer the bridge. Another moment and she was gliding under it. But hark! Overhead came the sound of running feet! As the *Onondaga* emerged on the farther side, there stood the stranger at the rail.

"Make way!" he called in a sharp, strong voice and, placing his hand upon the rail, he vaulted over.

With an exclamation of alarm, 'Liza Ann jumped back, stumbled against a chair and dropped her reticule, its contents scattering over the deck.

"Why didn't you get out of my way?" the stranger demanded testily, scrambling to his feet and dusting himself off.

Overwhelmed with confusion, 'Liza Ann stood mutely by while people scurried about to pick up her strewn possessions. Thimble, emery, pin-cushion, wax, and thread went rolling in all directions; bright worsteds and trinkets lay tangled in a heap; worst of all, the packet Mrs. Merivale had entrusted to her had burst open and the diamond breastpin lay winking and blinking in the sun.

Swooping upon it, the stranger picked it up and closed the box with a snap. He looked at 'Liza Ann sharply as he put it into her hand.

**L**IZA ANN had been anticipating a night on the packet as something of a lark. As bedtime approached, however, she began to have grave doubts.

Shortly after supper, which differed little from the unpleasant noonday meal, the crew of the boat, armed with screw drivers, monkey wrenches, and a mysterious assortment of shelves, bolts, long iron bars, and hooks, took possession of the dining room and began to erect a simple scaffolding. Upon this they placed mattresses and bedding—and, presto, the dining room was transformed into a ladies' dormitory! From floor to ceiling, around the entire cabin, rose tiers of berths awaiting their fair occupants; a like arrangement for men had been made in another part of the boat.

The task finished, the women swarmed into their somewhat cramped quarters and began to make ready for bed.

To 'Liza Ann, who had never shared a bedroom with any one in her life, the prospect was appalling. How could she undress before all these strangers? Visions of her own pretty, chintz-hung room at home floated before her eyes and she fled from the babble of tongues to the tiny washroom at the rear. But this, too, was crowded with women putting their hair up in crimps.

What was she to do? As she stood there, undetermined, a breath of cool air fragrant with woodland smells, came wafting down the stairway; and, thinking that there, at least, she would find quiet and breathing room, she took refuge on the deck.

She was not to enjoy the starlight alone,

however. At her step, a shadowy figure rose from one of the chairs and came toward her, and she saw, with a start, that it was the foreign-looking man.

"This your first trip on the Canal?" he asked.

The oft-repeated question was becoming tiresome. Seating herself stiffly on one of the deck chairs, 'Liza Ann pretended not to hear. But the stranger, ignoring her indifference, pulled up a chair and sat down beside her exactly as if he had known her all his life.

How dared he take such a liberty? 'Liza Ann rose to her feet, looking about in a helpless way for some means of escape.

"Don't be afraid of me," said the man with a chuckle. "I won't bite." He bent his dark eyes upon her in a searching gaze. "Still carrying that diamond breastpin around with you?" he asked with a cautious glance about.

So that was what he wanted! 'Liza Ann, her eyes wide with terror, backed slowly away. At the head of the stairs, she turned and raced blindly down. Better, far better, the discomforts of the overcrowded cabin than the perils of the deserted deck! At the foot of the stairs she bumped into Dolly who was just emerging from the ladies' cabin.

"What's the matter?" demanded the captain's daughter. "You look as white as a ghost!"

'Liza Ann glanced back up the stairway apprehensively. Whereupon Dolly led her to her own small cabin in the forward end of the boat.

"I was going to ask you to share it with me, anyway," she remarked as she closed the door. "Now tell me what's up."

With trembling lips and faltering voice, 'Liza Ann told her tale as they undressed.

"I think you had a narrow escape," said Dolly impressively. "If I were you, tomorrow morning I'd give that breastpin to Father to keep. He'll lock it up in his strong box, and you won't have to worry about it during the rest of the trip."

'Liza Ann readily agreed to this solution of her problem; and ten minutes later both girls were in bed and asleep.

**T**HERE was great consternation aboard the *Onondaga* next morning; the Buffalo merchant had been robbed during the night. Nor was he the only victim; several other well-to-do passengers reported losses as well. The boat was in an uproar; people demanded that the captain have everybody searched.

Gradually suspicion began to point to the man who had boarded the boat so uncereemoniously the previous afternoon. Few passengers had been taken on since then, and these had all been simple-appearing farm folk whose honesty it was hard to doubt. But this dark-browed stranger was just the type to arouse distrust. Black looks followed him; it began to be whispered that he was "Gentleman Jack." Some thought he should be locked up at once.

To all such muttered threats and accusations, however, the stranger made no answer; and, as feeling against him grew, the captain finally invited him down to his own cabin, in the hope of preventing a catastrophe.

"I don't see how that man could have been the robber," remarked 'Liza Ann to Dolly as they paced up and down the deck. "It must have been some one down in the men's cabin. This man slept up here."

"Pooh!" laughed Dolly. "That's what he said! He could have sneaked down easily after everyone else was asleep."

A moment later, the sound of the bugle cut short their argument. "There's Cold Spring!" exclaimed Dolly. "Let's get off and walk along the towpath to Jordan. The two places are only a mile apart. I'm dying to pick some of that goldenrod!"

From the bustle, it was apparent that almost everyone was planning to go ashore. 'Liza Ann would have liked to join them, but duty came first. "Oh, I wish I could," she sighed, "but I promised to write to Father—and I haven't done it yet."

After she had waved goodbye to Dolly and the rest, she secured her portfolio from Dolly's cabin and carried it to the midship where a consignment of grain was stored. The large, soft sacks looked inviting. She curled herself up on them, took out her pencil and paper, and began to write:

"Wednesday, October 22nd, 1851," she began in a fine copperplate hand.

A step sounded on the deck behind her. She paused, listening tensely, but it was only the friendly, white-haired Deacon.

"Writing home?" he smiled, seating himself beside her.

"Yes, sir," replied 'Liza Ann.

The Deacon leaned closer. "That's a pretty reticule," he remarked. "May I examine it?"

It seemed a simple request, yet 'Liza Ann hesitated. Embarrassed, she raised her eyes to his, then drew back in alarm. The eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses were no longer kindly. They were cruel and greedy and cold. Her grasp on the reticule tightened.

"Give me that bag!" Though the Deacon's voice was low, it sent the shivers down 'Liza Ann's spine. But she had no intention of obeying. Winding its strings around her wrist, she clung to it grimly.

"You little fool!" The Deacon seized her fingers and pried them loose.

Oh, if she had only taken Dolly's advice and given the breastpin to the captain! She opened her mouth to scream, but a hand closed over it.

Instantly, from the pile of sacks behind her, a long blue arm shot out. A hard fist struck the Deacon squarely between the eyes and sent him reeling backward. To her amazement, 'Liza Ann saw that her rescuer was the foreign-looking stranger.

Immediately the Deacon recovered himself and lunged towards his assailant.

"Keep back!" The stranger pushed 'Liza Ann to one side, at the same instant springing straight for the other's throat.

But the Deacon was too quick for him. With an oath, he struck out, and down the stranger went. Quick as a flash the Deacon whipped out a knife.

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, 'Liza Ann dove into the fray and, with all the strength of her small fist, struck the Deacon in the face. Taken completely unawares, he lost his footing, toppled backward, and plunged over the railing. There was a splash; then silence.

"Bravo!" cried the stranger, picking himself up. "That was neatly done!"

Together they ran to the railing and peered over. A round black head came bobbing up out of the water.

"Why," exclaimed 'Liza Ann in bewilderment, "that's not the Deacon!"

"No," chuckled her companion, "it isn't. That, my dear young lady, is 'Gentleman Jack'!"

"But how—how do you know?" The girl's eyes were round with wonder.

"It's my business to know," the stranger replied. "The Packet Company engaged me to track the fellow down. I learned by chance that he was aboard the *Onondaga*, so it was most important that I should catch the boat. Important, too, that none aboard suspect my errand. The captain knew, of course."

In the Canal below, the erstwhile Deacon, sputtering, clung to the towline, floundering frantically.

A crowd had gathered upon the bank, and great was the excitement when the man's identity became known. Sticks and stones began to fly and "Gentleman Jack" would have been in danger of his life, had not the stranger come to his rescue by instructing two burly farmhands to pull him in and hold him until he himself could get ashore.

"And to think I missed it all!" mourned Dolly, a few minutes later when the boat had

docked at the Jordan wharf. "And all for a bunch of weeds!" she added disgustedly, hurling an armful of goldenrod into the water.

Dislodged by the splash, a large, black beaver hat came floating out from under the flat keel of the *Onondaga* and drifted slowly away. To its brim clung a sodden mass of long white hair.

The two girls leaned over the rail to watch the course of this sinister object as it disappeared.

"There goes all that's left of the Deacon!" said 'Liza Ann with a tremulous laugh.

## THE SINGING GHOST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"Discount anything Windy Lathrop tells you a good eighty percent," Kip O'Malley had always said—and Em knew this was a shrewd estimate of Windy's integrity. She knew, too, she should play the part of an only mildly interested buyer, but she saw Little Mac, tense and anxious, at the kitchen door and she said bluntly, "We want the calico pony—I mean Little Mac does—and we've got twenty-five dollars cash to pay for him."

"Twenty-five!" Windy sounded aggrieved. "Shucks, we couldn't let him go for twenty-five. He's a real Indian spotted pony. Chief Red Feather used to own his father."

"Red Feather—your Aunt Annie!" Em returned. "Red Feather always rode a white mare, if historians know anything. You know you haven't got a buyer for that pony. Nobody would want him but a growing kid. That's what your dad told me—said that now your sister Dolly has put on so much weight she has to have a man-sized bronco, and that this calico pony was eating more than he was worth. I don't want him—it's little Mac who does."

But it was Em Deneen who had approached Windy as buyer. He said, with a mental smacking of lips, "Tell you what I'll do! As long as it's you, Em, and we're neighbors—I'll come down five and let you have him for thirty-five."

Em snorted in defeated fury. "Neighborly! You're nothing but a low-down, crooked horse trader to jump your price ten dollars just because that little kid wants the pony. Well, you can keep your calico pony till he gets hardening of the arteries before I'll pay thirty-five!"

But her outburst was small satisfaction compared with Little Mac's disappointment. He said little, but he ate no supper that evening and he sat out in a corner of the alfalfa field with Gwendolyn, long after dark, until Em went out and brought him in.

Three evenings later, when Em happened to be in the kitchen, Oku Hung asked, "Missee Em hear news concerning soldier who sings?"

Em frowned. "No, I haven't. We've been so awfully busy getting the range stock in to water. I'm sure everything is all right, though, or I would have had word from Mrs. Mac. Have you heard anything, Oku?"

"No message from living. But Oku hear something. Oku know that spirit of man often come back to spot he love most in life."

"What are you talking about, Oku?"

The little Chinese cook said soberly, "Two evening past, Oku go to old corral in river bottom to look for mushroom. Oku see man standing by little house by rose bushes. Tall man like Soldier."

"I'll bet it was the professor. Aline told me she sent him over with some wild plum

preserves to leave for Soldier Mac—he's crazy about them."

"Oku hear music, Missee Em. Oku hear singing. Oku hear Soldier sing same song at schoolhouse one time—song say coming back to shack with roses bloom round door."

A chill slipped down Em's back, but she said sharply, "Don't get off any of that foolishness in front of Little Mac."

The next day she took time off from shagging in cattle to lope in to Slow Water and see if a message had come from the Soldier's wife. There was none. Nor had the Buffalo Forks doctor returned. She questioned the storekeeper about him, but he only remembered vaguely that the Doc had said something about going on to a convention.

Then the kind-hearted store-keeper said, "So the little tike is with you, eh?" and reached from the show-case the largest and fanciest box of candy. "Give this to him, Em."

Em took it. She reproached herself for paying any heed to Oku's imaginings and rode home in time to help with the evening chores.

"I guess your mother is going to wait till she can tell us when she'll be bringing your father home," she said to Little Mac. He looked at her out of worried eyes. It hurt Em to see such a small youngster so unhappy. She muttered resentfully, "I could wring Windy Lathrop's neck!"

"Windy was here to-day," he told her.

"Did you speak to him about the pony?"

"Yes, I said I wanted the pony. He said he'd like me to have it, but he couldn't take a cent less than thirty-five."

Em gave him the box of candy. He opened it, his mouth watering at the tempting array.

"These long caramels are just the kind Mother likes. Oh, and look, there's toffee—and Father sure does like toffee." He put the lid on. "Em, I'll take it home and leave it there for them. I might eat it, if I kept it here."

"Swell," Em agreed, "and I'll make you some fudge. They'll have a nice greeting when they come home. Aline's wild plum preserves—and Mrs. Lathrop told me to-day she sent over a box of her almond cookies."

The fudge was ready when Little Mac returned from his trip to the shack. He looked puzzled. "Em, the jars are there, marked 'Preserved Wild Plums,' but they're empty. And there's a tin box there, but it's just got a few cookie crumbs in it."

"For goodness sake!" wondered Em. Oku's singing ghost seemed to possess an appetite.

The next day a dry, searing wind blew over the plains. From early morning till after dark, with no stop for lunch, Em and Kip O'Malley and Pinto Jones combed the plains for thirsty cattle and brought them in to

water tanks, or waterholes. It was late when they returned. As Oku Hung put their dried-out biscuit and over-cooked stew on the table, he said, "Pig with beautiful name cannot be found. Little boy look, Oku look—no pig."

Little Mac was poking anxiously through all the sheds and corrals. Em called to him, "Just wait till I get reinforced with some food, and I'll help you!"

The moon was edging out from behind wind-tossed clouds when she joined the child in the hunt for his pet. They walked up and down and through the alfalfa field and, finally, at the far end of the fence, they found the place where Gwendolyn had rooted out a weak post and made her exit.

"She's been kind of nervous all day," Little Mac worried. "She wouldn't even drink the buttermilk I gave her."

They trudged on across the plains and toward the creek which ran close to the Soldier's place. Reaching the back of the house, they heard deep grunts mingled with shrill hungry squeaks. Here was Gwendolyn! And, hunkering down, they counted eight tiny, lively pigs. Little Mac was all ecstasy. An arch of shelter had been built over the back, and Em and the boy snuggled there, out of the wind, and watched the eight little squealers tugging at Gwendolyn who lay with her head on the back doorsill, grunting in deep content.

Little Mac, leaning against Em, was the first to doze off. Remembering how worried his sleep had been lately, she sat very still. And then, because she had been in the saddle since sun-up, with the wind battering at her, her own eyes closed.

Suddenly a sound awakened her. It was music and unconsciously her sleepy lips formed the words that went with the melody.

*"I want to go back*

*"To that tumbledown shack*

*"Where the wild roses bloom 'round the door—"*

A shiver zigzagged down her spine. She shook off her sleepiness, clutched desperately at common sense.

It was the phonograph record she was hearing! But who could have slipped in the front door to play it? Then a raucous voice blended with the record. The little boy stirred, opened startled eyes.

Em said, "Someone's playing your phonograph."

"And singing," he added.

"Trying to," Em amended, for even her untutored ears could tell that the voice utterly failed to take the high notes.

"That was kind of a sour one," he agreed. "Father could make that easy."

Em put her ear close to the door. The discordant song ended on a high off-key. Then came these words, (Continued on page 49)



### Evidence

A young woman was interviewing two men who had come in answer to her advertisement for a gardener. While she was talking, she saw her mother making signs to her to hire the shorter one. When the men had gone, she asked, "Why did you want me to choose the shorter man when the taller had the better face?"

"Face?" her mother repeated. "When you pick a man to work in the garden, don't go by his face, go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees, you want him; if they're patched on the seat, you don't!"—*Sent by MARY BEAM, Lancaster, New York.*

### Preparation

FATHER: Our family doctor is a very capable man. He's been practicing a long time.

SMALL SON: Well, then, Father, why doesn't he get started?—*Sent by MARGARET LOUCKS THAYER, Austin, Minnesota.*

### Going Down!

Pat and Mike were visiting New York for the first time, and they were not used to elevators. They entered a high building and approached the closed elevator door. Mike succeeded in opening the door and stepped in, falling to the basement, the elevator being at another floor.

He called up to Pat, "Look out for that first step, me bye! It's a bad one."—*Sent by LUCILLE MASTERS, Arlington, New Jersey.*



### Insult

RESCUER: How did you come to fall in?  
RESCUED: (indignantly): I didn't come to fall in. I came to fish.—*Sent by JESSIE EDWARDS, Frankfort, Kentucky.*

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month *Unsatisfactory Canine*



"Is John's dog a setter, or a pointer?"

"Neither. He's an upsetter and a disappointment!"—*Sent by ROBIN SMITH, North Hollywood, California.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Terra Firma

BETTY: At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out.

LETTY: When was that?

BETTY: After my first airplane trip.—*Sent by MARY LOIS GORDON, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina.*



### The Idea!

TOMMY: Mother, please let me go to the zoo to see the monkeys.

MOTHER: Why, Tommy, what an idea! Imagine wanting to go see the monkeys when your Aunt Betsy is here!—*Sent by PATRICIA WALKER, Tuckahoe, New York.*

### Original Model

MOTHER (to little girl who had been sent to the hen house for eggs): Well, dear, were there no eggs?

LITTLE GIRL: No, Mother, only the one the hen uses for a pattern.—*Sent by MILDRED ANNE PEARL, Mexico, Missouri.*

### Big Deal

As the days grew longer and warmer, the patience of the Tibbets family with little Willie's obstreperous dog grew shorter and shorter. One morning, Willie's father announced at the breakfast table that a new home must be found for the dog before supper time, or he would be obliged to dispose of it.

"Well, the dog is gone," Willie assured the family at the supper table.

"What happened to it?" asked his father.

"I traded it for three dandy pups," Willie announced with pride.—*Sent by PRISCILLA M. MEHARG, Lonsdale, Rhode Island.*

### A Grand Start for a Party!

AFTER you decide about the people and the time—THEN comes the "dolling up" part. Scrubbing the bathroom till it shines, doing up the linens, polishing the glassware. It's all so quick and easy with Fels-Naptha—the richer golden soap that's chock-full of naphtha. Tell mother to use Fels-Naptha for whiter clothes, too—it gets rid of "turtle-tale gray."

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The date may be any time at all between now and October first; it may be any number of days when the sun is right for picture-taking and you find a subject that appeals to you—whether it be a pet, a pal, or a place you love. Keep that date with your camera, and send the results to us as your entry in the Having-Fun-With-a-Camera Contest. Your date with your camera may win a valuable prize.



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# WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND

TO HONOR the coronation of King George VI and his queen, Elizabeth, every stamp-issuing country in the British Empire, with the exception of India and Western Samoa, released a special series of commemorative stamps. The total number of stamp issues is fifty-eight, and these comprise a total of two hundred and four different adhesive postage stamps. This is just forty-five stamps less than were issued, two years ago, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of King George V, father of the present king.

Great Britain, the mother country, has only one value.

It is of one-and-a-half penny denomination and the color is deep plum brown. This denomination was adopted because it is the value most used for inland and empire mails. The design shows portraits of the king and queen against a dark background. Between them is the crown, suitably emphasized, with the royal cipher interlaced underneath. In the border at the left is shown the orb, while balancing this at the right is the ampulla—the vessel which holds the holy oil used during the coronation ceremony. The issuance of this stamp by Great Britain marks the first time that the portrait of a woman has been pictured on any British stamp issued in this twentieth century.

Canada, the empire's greatest dominion, also has only one stamp for the coronation. It is double the size of the regular postage labels and shows the portraits of both the king and queen. The name of the dominion is arched across the top of the design with a crown directly below and between the two ovals. The date "1937" is shown, and a maple leaf, the emblem of the dominion, is shown in each corner.

For the forty-five crown colonies—the administration of which is vested in the colonial office in London—three different denominations of a single key design have been released. It had been originally announced, last summer, that there would be no coronation stamps for the crown colonies as the crown agents were working on the first of the permanent Edward VIII issues of stamps. When Edward abdicated in December, work on the production of these stamps had gone so far that it was not possible to substitute a portrait of George VI in the designs already being made up with the former king's portrait. The stamps and plates that had been made up were destroyed, and hurried meetings were held to adopt the next course for the production of stamps for the crown colonies.

It was decided to produce a series of stamps which would be identical for all the crown colonies. The design adopted for these crown colony stamps includes the portraits of



CROWN COLONY



CANADA



GREAT BRITAIN

both the king and the queen in a setting of coronation emblems which include the crown, orb, sword of State, and sceptres. The size of these stamps is slightly smaller, both in height and width, than the Silver Jubilee issues of 1935, and they have been printed by the recess process on paper watermarked with the crown and script CA. The date of the coronation "12th May 1937" is inscribed across the top of the design and the name of the colony, or territory, appears in a white panel across the base of the stamp. The numerals of value are shown in each lower corner.

Newfoundland, which is now a crown colony, has the same three stamps as the other colonies, but, in addition, it has also issued a special set of eleven coronation commemoratives. The designs for these stamps are based upon the designs which were used in the regular series of 1931, but, in addition, they include a portrait of King George VI.

New Zealand has issued three stamps and the design depicts the king and queen, His Majesty being shown in the uniform of an admiral of the fleet. Between the two portraits are the arms of New Zealand. This same set of New Zealand coronation stamps has been overprinted for the Cook Islands and Niue, both New Zealand dependencies.

For the Australian Commonwealth two stamps have been issued, and there seems to be some doubt as to whether these are coronation commemoratives, or regular postage stamps. The one-penny green shows a portrait of Queen Elizabeth and the two-penny carmine, a portrait of the king. Thus, to Australia goes the distinction of being the first self-issuing dominion to show the single portrait of Elizabeth, as queen, on a stamp.

South Africa, which, for so many years, carried the inscription "Union of South Africa" on its postage stamps, has a special series of five stamps; while South West Africa, whose government is administered by South Africa under a mandate from the League of Nations, has eight values in its coronation series. Both groups are printed in sheets which show alternate rows of English and Afrikaans. They should therefore be collected in pairs.

Southern Rhodesia has the only bi-colored issue in the coronation series. The stamps show a portrait of the king in the upper right, with a portrait of Elizabeth at the lower left. A view of the Victoria Falls, with the railroad bridge and a train crossing it, constitute the central design.

Space does not permit us to describe or enumerate any more completely these British coronation stamps. If you are particularly interested in them, any of the dealers who advertise on this page can supply them to you.

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## MIDGET STAMP

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# THE SINGING GHOST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"Thank you, folks!" The voice was thick as though the mouth were stuffed with food. "Thank you for your generous applause. It gives me great pleasure—" a pause and then chewing mixed with the words "—to be presented with this here lovin' cup. It shows that the people around Buffalo Forks appreciate things of culture."

Em gasped—that had a familiar sound. She whispered, "Come on, Little Mac! We'll catch him as he comes out the front door."

They ran swiftly, but the intruder must have heard their footsteps for, just as they fumbled for the knob, they heard him shove back the bolt on the back door and dash out.

Em thought despairingly, "He'll get away and I can't prove a thing on him!"

But, simultaneously, came an outraged squealing of pigs, human imprecations, a clacking thud, and when Em and Little Mac raced to the back door they saw a man floundering amongst squealing porkers.

Little Mac shouted, "Look out! You're stepping on Gwendolyn's ear!"

The lanky, booted figure disengaged himself, picked up his Stetson, and stood up.

"Well, Windy, that was a nice *encore* to your vocalizing," Em remarked. "I hope you left a little candy."

Windy, still holding some mashed chocolates in his hand, made an effort to cover his discomfort. "I—I was just goin' over to your place. I got a post card for you and,

bein' as we're neighbors and always anxious to do each other a good turn—"

Mention of a post card did momentarily distract Em. Windy produced it from his pocket and she snatched it from him, trying to read it by the moon's brightness. She did make out that the operation had gone off well, and that Mrs. Mac and her husband would be home in about ten days. She read the good news to Little Mac who stared up at her with unbelievable happiness.

He said, "Gee, I wish I could ride Michael in to meet Mother and Dad!"

Em, staring hard at the guilty, squirming Windy, said thoughtfully, "I don't see why you shouldn't. Windy said he'd like you to have the pony. He's had the use of your house and your phonograph, and he's helped himself to all the delicacies intended for the invalid. Yes, indeed, Windy will be glad to let you have the pony at a bargain."

"I might come down to thirty," the horse-dealer in Windy responded.

"Oh, you might! Well, don't bother. You might need an extra pony to get out of the country when Pinto Jones and Kip O'Malley and every one else hears about you busting into Soldier Mac's house and keeping up your strength with chocolates and preserves and cookies while you practice these touching little melodies. Won't Aline welcome you heartily when she finds out you ate the preserves she wanted Soldier Mac to

have? And your mother won't say a word, of course, when she learns about her fancy cookies disappearing! And Oku thought you were a ghost! I'll bet your name will change from Windy to 'The Hungry Ghost.'"

"Aw, now, Em, you might consider a fellow's feelin's."

"Yes, you're so considerate—raising your price on this kid."

"Listen, Em, I'll let him have it for twenty-five."

"Twenty," said Em sternly. "And I'll see what I can do about replacing the plum preserves and the cookies. The candy *you'll* have to replace."

"All right—twenty then."

"Including saddle and bridle, and you bring him over to-night. We'll wait right here. Because Little Mac has to get back and forth to take care of Gwendolyn."

"All right, Em, providin' one thing—"

"Providing we have good forgetters, eh?" Em laughed. "How about it, Little Mac?"

Won't you be so busy riding a calico pony named Michael, and taking care of Gwendolyn and her eight, and getting things in shape for your mother and dad, that you'll forget you ever heard a hungry singer practicing *Tumbledown Shack in Athlone*?"

Little Mac looked up with sober happiness. "I've already forgot, Em. Only, Windy, when you get another box of candy, get it heart-shaped like this one was, will you?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

stick while Bud dug charred potatoes and corn from the embers.

"You came the right second," admitted the host with a hint of hospitality, as he cut open a potato with his Scout knife and poked in a gob of butter.

He gave her the one tin plate and fashioned another for himself with the cover of the cracker tin. In a few minutes they were sitting on the rocks, consuming the sizzling food.

"Decent of you to give me half your fish," praised Midge, nibbling at the dripping chip which she held by the tail. "Um, it's swell! Catch it?"

"Yop. I'd have got another if I'd known you were coming, but I never catch more than I want."

"Are you sort of acting a part?" she asked him. "I mean, are you imagining you are somebody in a story—Robinson Crusoe maybe?"

He nodded. "Sort of—but not him, by a jugful."

"Well, if you're not Robinson Crusoe, who are you?"

"The celebrated Henry David, of course." He buried his face in the potato as if ashamed of his confession.

"Not—David Windsor?"

After a howl of derision he explained. "Henry David Thoreau, the native son of my State, Massachusetts. Are you so dumb you never heard of him?"

Midge flung the fish's backbone into the fire and nodded. "Who was he, smarty?"

Bud, obviously delighted with the opportunity, gave a detailed history of the naturalist and writer.

"He was a wise gazabo, if you ask me. Preferred his own society to any one else's."

## PARTY DRESS

"I beg of you, don't send me away until I finish this elegant corn," Midge implored.

Bud grinned. "I won't."

They gnawed their way down a triple line of yellow kernels before the host resumed, wiping butter from his mouth with the back of his hand. "Thoreau had lots of swell ideas. He lived for two years alone in the woods with only the animals for his friends. Birds came at his call and wild beasts used to lick his hand."

"That's an idea," agreed Midge, licking the butter from her fingers.

"He had a theory we ought to work only one day and play six," went on the enthusiast.

"Then he said something," encouraged Midge.

They finished their meal, but continued talking. Conversation slipped from the dead philosopher to themselves. The moon dipped behind the Bennetts' side of the lake, leaving an inky world beyond the ruby fire.

A confusion of honking horns reminded Midge of the time and place. She sprang up, stepping on her dress to the accompaniment of tearing chiffon.

"Oh, what did I do! I can't see a thing."

The woodsman pulled out a flashlight and, in its circle of illumination, Midge recognized the patch of gauze under her foot as part of the hem of Adele's party frock. With a sinking of the heart that left her dumb, she bent and picked it up, realizing at the same time that the regiment of black dots, marching down the front of the skirt to a charred hole, were grease spots.

"Oh, Bud, what shall I do? It's ruined! My sister's best dress!"

"What of it?" scoffed the youth. "Clothes are of no importance."

"But it isn't mine, I tell you. It's Adele's. She lent it to me. And *are* clothes important to Adele!"

"Midge-e-e-e! Yo-ho-o-o-o-o!" She heard her sister's voice calling from the house.

"Coming!" shrieked Midge, and, picking up the ragged skirt, she leaped past Bud up the path.

Adele met her at the car with her polo coat. "Well, Midge, where have you been?"

"Down by the lake with Bud." The younger sister gathered the coat gratefully around her. Out here in the moonlight nobody could see that the dress was wrecked.

"Well, really—we've been looking everywhere."

"Don't blame her, it's Bud's fault," insisted Eric who had evidently taken part in the search. "He's only a crazy kid."

"I think he's swell," defended Midge, and, as the car swung past him on the road, she called back, "Whatever happens, Bud, it was a wonderful time."

During the ride home she huddled in the rumble seat, thankful to be ignored. Her hour of reckoning was close at hand. How should she tell Adele about the dress? It was—it had been—a lovely dress, too. If she saved her allowance for a year, it wouldn't be enough to get Adele another as nice as that one. If only she hadn't bought the canoe!

As the girls crept into the house and mounted the creaking stairs, their mother called in a whisper, "Have a good time?"

"Marvelous!" Adele assured her, but Midge slipped into her own room and lighted the lamp. One hurried glance and she knew she had not exaggerated the damage. The dress was beyond hope. Well, she might as well get the ordeal over with.

"Come here, Adele," she ordered and carefully closed the door.

Adele entered, her manner bespeaking older

sisterly authority. "I want to speak to you, Midge," she scolded. "You're not old enough to go off with a date for a whole evening. Don't do it at the next dance."

"There isn't going to be any next dance," Midge said faintly. Dropping the polo coat to the floor, she faced her sister, her eyes closed. Whatever Adele might say, it was justified, she knew. How angry she would be! Terribly, terribly angry.

"Midge! Why, Midge Bennett!" The anger in Adele's voice seemed oddly forced. "Well, you've certainly managed to ruin my dress."

"I—I guess I have," Midge whispered,

looking at the rag of chiffon she still clutched.

"Never ask to borrow another thing of mine. I'll never be able to wear that dress again!" A note of satisfaction crept into Adele's voice. "There was a ducky taffeta advertised in Sunday's paper—it came in pansy tints. The least you can do is to use your influence on Mother to let me get it. I'll have to have something, now this is shot."

Midge stared at her sister with slowly awakened comprehension. Contempt wrinkled her nose. "You didn't care for this pink one, I take it. How could you be sure I'd ruin it, Adele?"

"Took a chance—but I didn't hope for anything as thorough as the job you've done."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Because I'm far-sighted?" Adele laughed contentedly.

Alone in her room, Midge tossed the wreck of the pink gown over the back of a chair and, seeing the unfinished letter to Quentin, sat down at the desk. Dipping her pen in the inkwell, she added, "I'm back from the dance and don't worry. I never want to grow up. The dance was a washout and love of clothes is the root of all evil. By the way, what do you know about Thoreau? He sounds like a swell guy."

## BACK-YARD EXPLORING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

much there is to find out about a very common object, but I have told you only a few of the many facts.

Perhaps these parasites which eat the eggs of spiders are harmful, but remember that there are thousands of parasites, of all sizes, which do tremendous good in holding harmful insects in check by eating the eggs, or young, of the harmful varieties.

Of course you know about the tent caterpillars which make those big, ugly webs in our apple and wild cherry trees, and which sometimes eat every leaf from every branch of an entire tree.

These big caterpillars would be even more of a pest if it were not for a wasp-like parasite which hatches out inside the tent caterpillar when it is in its cocoon, thereby killing the moth into which the caterpillar would otherwise turn.

By gathering a number of the tent caterpillar cocoons and keeping them in a jar, you will later see some of the parasites hatching, as shown in the illustration. Parasites are everywhere, policing the garden and doing untold good, and they are worth studying.

Hunting for butterfly and moth eggs is another fascinating pastime for the back-yard explorer, in spring and summer. Moth eggs are usually laid in groups and they are pretty little objects of various bright colors. You may find them by looking upon the under sides of the leaves of common weeds and trees. Butterflies, on the other hand, usually lay their eggs singly upon the under sides of leaves. The best way to find them is to watch the butterflies themselves. When they are laying, they go from leaf to leaf, curling the tip of the body under each one for a second or two until the egg is deposited. By looking closely at these visited leaves, you will find the oddly shaped and beautifully colored eggs.

A pocket magnifier will reveal the ridges and other odd designs upon the eggs, but the most interesting part of all is, of course, keeping the eggs until the curious little caterpillars emerge from them. Sometimes the eggs which you find upon leaves, and especially upon the leaves of vegetables such as the squash or pumpkin or cucumber, may not be the eggs of butterflies or moths at all. They are much more likely to be those of beetles, or bugs like the two shown with their eggs in the photograph on the first page of this article. By all means hunt for eggs of any kind, as the youngsters which emerge from them are sometimes great surprises with gorgeously colored bodies and legs.

If there is a dry, sandy spot in your back-yard, or perhaps a dusty spot under the porch where moisture seldom reaches, you may find

curious little pits, like inverted cones, a half-inch or more in diameter. These are ant-lion pits. They are made by the curious insect shown in the picture on page fourteen. The ant-lion hollows out its dry pit and lies concealed in the bottom of it, with only its sharp jaws sticking out of the sand. When an ant falls into the pit, the lion pounces upon him, sucks his blood, and then throws the dry body out again.

The ant-lion is the young of a four-winged insect that looks like a small darning-needle, or dragon-fly. The winged parent lays its eggs in the sand. These turn into ant-lions, which grow to about a half-inch in length. The lions spin silken cocoons in the sand and later hatch out as four-winged insects.

If you look upon the trunks of trees, in midsummer or later, you will find curious empty shells, usually five to ten feet above the ground. These shells are very brittle, yellowish brown in color, with wide slits along their backs where the insects have emerged.

These are the shells of cicadas, usually but wrongly called locusts (locusts are grasshoppers). There are two species of cicadas here in the eastern States. The photograph at lower right on page fifteen shows two adult cicadas enlarged so that you may see the details. These are the insects which have come out of those brittle, brown shells, the insects which "sing" in the tree tops so shrilly during hot weather. When they lay their eggs, they deposit them in slits in twigs. The young hatch and drop to the ground where they burrow in, and where they remain as larvae, feeding upon the sap from roots.

The common cicada (lower one in photograph) remains in the ground one year, and then emerges and crawls up a tree, as we have seen. The seventeen-year cicada (top one in picture) remains in the ground seventeen years before emerging! It may be identified by the red veins upon its wings, the common cicada having none of this color.

Another curious insect you may find in your garden is the famous praying mantis which eats every kind of insect that comes his way, even his own kind if he is hungry enough. He eats his prey like we eat corn on the cob, and he is very greedy, but of course, extremely beneficial. He should always be protected, whenever found, despite his terrifying appearance.

The mantis's egg cocoon is top-shaped and constructed of yellowish frothy material that becomes hard and tough after it is placed over the eggs. If you find one, by all means keep it and guard it; then, in the spring, bring it into the house and put it in a jar until the crowds of amusing and agile youngsters pour

out of it. But be sure you let them go before they die, as these insects will do untold good in the garden.

Take a look at the bees upon the flowers when you are exploring. Notice how they open the different kinds of blossoms to get the nectar, and how the flowers have special parts which dab the bees with that yellow dust called pollen. Notice how the legs and the hairy bodies of the bees are covered with yellow dust. This is pollen also. If you had a dead bee and looked at this dust with a microscope, or a strong hand-glass, you would see that the individual grains are like little balls or other definite shapes, and very pretty to look at.

Pollen grains contain the germ cells of flowers. The bees carry the grains from one flower and leave some of them upon the next flower, and so on. They are forever carrying the germs from one flower to the next, and when these germs in the pollens mix, they cause fruit and seeds to grow after the flower wilts. Carrying pollen is the principal use of bees. They make a great deal of our vegetable food possible.

There are many other wonderful things your back yard may yield—too many to tell about in this article. But, one last suggestion—if you turn over some stones, or old boards, or hunt in a damp pile of trash, you are almost certain to find some little harmless millipedes or "thousand-leggers" which will curl up into spirals when you touch them.

Put one or two in a dish of earth and wait for them to uncurl and move forward. You will be delighted to see that there are two pairs of legs to each segment of their bodies, and that the legs move in beautifully timed waves as the animals walk. They actually "row" themselves over the ground unlike any other creatures. Millipedes are not insects at all, but we cannot go into that here. There is a great deal unknown about their life-histories, although they are one of the world's commonest living creatures.

You will also most certainly find some pill bugs and sow bugs—curious gray or brownish little creatures with a sort of armored shells. They look like miniature tanks, or stream-lined automobiles, and some of them will roll up into balls when disturbed.

These will bear much studying, also, as we know very little about them, but you will doubtless be interested to know that these are not insects, either, despite their names. They are terrestrial, or land-living, crustaceans, more nearly related to shrimps and crabs than they are to insects! Most crustaceans are aquatic or water-dwelling, but here is a rare exception which lives in everyone's back yard.





## "The Sea Was Wet as Wet Could Be"

I'VE had enough, Jean," gasped Joan, tossing the big blue-and-red rubber ball to her chum. "This Maine ice water is glorious, but it's too cold to stay in long."

"You said it," agreed her friend. "Let's run up to the hotel and dress for lunch, and then go out on the rocks and read the September AMERICAN GIRL. It came this morning—did you see it up in our room?"

"I just caught a glimpse of that gorgeous moth cover by Orson Lowell," answered Joan, rising, dripping, to make her way to the pebbly beach. "It's one of the most effective ones we've had."

"Uh-huh," agreed Jean, wringing water from the hem of her beet-root-and-white suit. "Ouch, these stones hurt," she exclaimed as she limped ashore.

● The two girls dashed to the bathhouse, stood under the sun-warmed shower, and, after a brisk rub, slipped into their play suits. Then they sauntered back to the hotel, admiring its gay, red-and-white awnings and lawn umbrellas, and

the Fourth of July color scheme of its window boxes, planted with red and white geraniums, bordered with the bluest of blue ageratum.

Up in the girls' room, as they put on their knitted suits—Joan's yellow, Jean's cornflower blue—their conversation turned again to the September AMERICAN GIRL.

● "There's another Em and Kip story in the magazine, Jo," said Jean, setting a crisp wave with her fingers in her naturally curly dark hair.

"Good!" cried Joan. "I was awfully afraid that Lenora Weber wasn't going to write any more Ems and Kips until *The Singing Ghost* came out last month. What's this one called?"

"*A Matter of Background*," answered Jean. "The pictures look as if it was going to be a funny one. Pinto Jones is a scream when he gets started, and from the bit I dipped into, he seems to have a lot to do with this story. There's a new character, too, a visiting aunt."

"Sounds keen! What else is ex-

citing in the September number?"

"Another Midge story by Marjorie Paradis with the cutest illustrations by Merle Reed. That's sure to be good!"

"They all are," agreed Joan. "That series is a knockout."

"And there's a peach of a story, *Lost Nancy*, by Beth Bradford Gilchrist," went on Jean. "I read that. It's about a girl who was terribly careless—but I won't spoil the story by telling you the plot."

Joan fastened her watch on her slender wrist, tucked in a stray red-gold ringlet, and gave a last survey to her mirrored self. "Ready, old top?" She glanced at her watch. "We'll have three-quarters of an hour on the rocks before lunch time. Let's read the new installment of *The House by the Road*!"

●  
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